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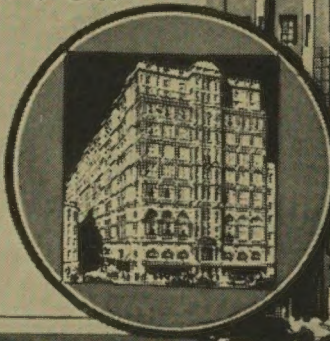
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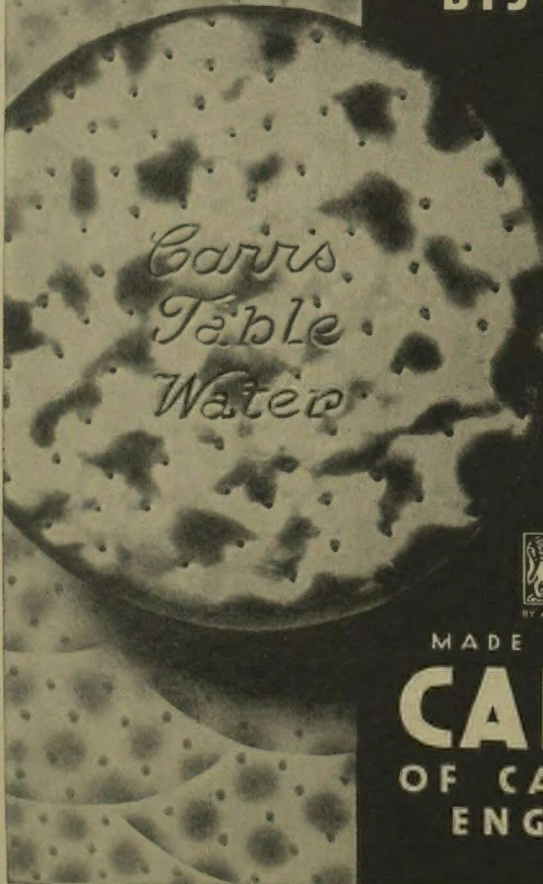
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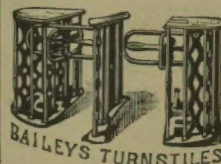
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1937.



**TESTING THE HEART AND LUNGS OF THE FIRST GIANT PANDA EVER CAUGHT ALIVE: A LITTLE CUB  
(HELD BY ITS WOMAN CAPTOR, MRS. HARKNESS) BEING EXAMINED BY DR. F. D. NANCE, OF SHANGHAI.**

When her husband died in Shanghai, with his purpose of capturing a Giant Panda alive unachieved, Mrs. William Harkness, Jun., left New York for China resolved to devote her all to the task. Travelling with a Chinese explorer to

the wilds of Szechwan inhabited by this rare species, she secured the cub (abandoned by its fleeing mother in a hollow tree), and after extraordinary difficulties brought it safely to Shanghai. Later, it arrived in New York. (See also page 2.)





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NINETEEN-THIRTY-SIX was a bad year, and most of us are probably glad enough to see it go. For the inhabitants of this country it began with the death of a beloved King, who had reigned over them with splendid success for more than a quarter of a century; it continued with perhaps the most disturbing reverse in our foreign policy since the loss of the American colonies, and it ended with the loss of another King, scarcely less beloved, under circumstances which threatened to divide the nation into two hurt and angry camps. Thanks to the strength, dignity and magnanimity of a great statesman, that last evil was averted, but it will be long before men fully recover from the shock of much that was said in whisper, pulpit and Press during a tragic fortnight. Nor have our losses ended there. During 1936, three of the greatest voices of modern England have been stilled. Kipling, Chesterton, and A. E. Housman have been taken from us in turn. Abroad a disastrous and cruel civil war, profoundly misunderstood by the people of this country, has again divided Europe into armed and waiting camps. One would have to go back to the black period between 1914 and 1918 to parallel such a calamitous year. Our hearts, as we look back, have every cause to be heavy.

"That's cant, sir," said Dr. Johnson; "public affairs vex no man!" The Old Year goes out amid the usual flutter of bills and peal of bells, and men, undiscouraged by what has gone before, turn cheerfully to face the New. It may well be that, to many private individuals, 1936, for all its national calamities, has been a good year. Business may have expanded, home life proved kindly and fruitful in love and contentment, horses successful, and health abundant. Those who have experienced such blessings no doubt confidently hope for their repetition in 1937. Others who have been less fortunate hope for better luck in the new deal.

The year 1937, like all its predecessors, comes in amid a burst of almost universal optimism. Of all human attributes, none is more remarkable or illogical than this of hope. It is the quality which makes us anticipate that which all experience goes to prove seldom or never happens. For even the most successful of last year's favourites cannot have obtained during it all those good things for which he or she wished as the church bells first rang the year in. And for most of us realisation must have proved a disappointingly inferior affair to anticipation. Yet this does not in the least discourage us from repeating our hopes for 1937. Once again we lean heavily upon improbability. That it will almost certainly let us down again deters us not a whit.

Nor should we be happier or in any way the gainers otherwise. By all prudent standards of morality, hope ought to be set down as the most lying and delusive of human weaknesses. It is in practice one of the most beautiful, touching to a degree in its incorrigible

courage, and frequently productive of the noblest virtue and constancy—

"Fight on, my men," says Sir Andrew Barton,  
"I am hurt, but I am not slain,  
I'll lie me down and bleed again  
And then rise up and fight again."

Everyone but the sanguine old fighter knew that he could never rise again: death was written in every feature and bleeding limb; but he still went cheerfully about his business, believing in the impossible, even unto death. Nothing else could drive the wheels

possibility of the unexpected happening—the Derby Sweepstake ticket, the handsome stranger, of incomparable wealth and virtue, the legacy from the forgotten uncle in Australia—but they would be bound for ever to the inescapable knowledge of all the evils and misfortunes that lay before them. Sickness, pain, loss of old friends and old ties, death, all those ills that every one of us has sooner or later to face, would be comprehended in all their ghastly certainty even to the very hour of their happening. No ignorance assuring bliss, no hope of providential eleventh-hour escape (such as used to prove so blessed a narcotic in those last sad hours

of a small boy's life before he returned to school), could any longer exist. The truth would be revealed in all its threatening nakedness. Even the occasional treats that the unveiled future offered us would taste bitter-sweet in our mouths, for being human we should be unable to enjoy them for knowledge of the evils that were soon to follow them. In the shadow of such foreknowledge a sensitive man would go mad.

To save them from all this, the future is hidden from the fearful sons and daughters of men. And to console them for the lack of knowledge they are given hope—hope that the injustices and inequalities, entailed on human existence by human nature, may be redressed, that the rough may be made smooth and the crooked straight, and that there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. We do not only hope for better things in this world; we hope beyond the grave. Like Matthew Arnold's Scholar-Gipsy—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,

we carry with us the warm, comforting flame of this trust in the improbable wherever we go. The rock does not gush out water nor the barren place flower miraculously, but in our sanguine hearts they are always about to do so. Mr. Micawber is the type of all that is happiest in man, and, because it is happiest, most vital. And on no day in the year does his spirit walk the earth with more confidence than on this anniversary of hopeful beginnings, New Year's Day. He is the patron saint of the occasion, and brings with him the promise that all the evils life has in store for us will none the less be rendered endurable, and often even enjoyable.

Therefore, as we listen to the midnight bells sounding across the wintry fields or echoing over the stony pavements that encompass our dwelling place, we have cause to be glad and rejoice. Scarcely any of the things we hope for will come to pass, but we shall not be troubled at it. By virtue of a divine and inalienable gift—the kind of gift that fairy godmothers give to their chosen favourites—we shall go on hoping and believing that they will. Against such a joyful and heroic faith not Hell itself can prevail, for, where there is hope, there cannot be Hell. That is why the writer can honestly and confidently wish himself and every reader of this page a happy and hopeful New Year.



THE FIRST OF ITS KIND EVER CAPTURED ALIVE: THE FEMALE GIANT PANDA CUB, SUN-LIN, CAUGHT BY MRS. WILLIAM HARKNESS, JUN., IN CHINA, TAKING FOOD FROM A BOTTLE—HAVING BEEN TAUGHT TO DO SO BY A CHINESE EXPLORER WEARING A FUR COAT INSIDE-OUT AND PRETENDING TO BE ITS MOTHER.

As noted in our issue of December 5, this little Giant Panda—a rare species never hitherto kept in captivity—was caught in the mountain wilds of Szechwan, on the Tibetan border, in western China, by Mrs. William Harkness, Jun., who brought it by air from Chengtu to Shanghai. There it was medically examined, as shown on the front page of this number. Just before Christmas, Sun-Lin (as the cub is called) arrived in New York by train from San Francisco, in a special compartment, and left the station followed by a procession of porters carrying her travelling-basket, blankets, and food-supply. At present she feeds from a bottle containing a mixture of powdered milk, cod-liver oil, and syrup. She was first induced to take to the bottle by Mrs. Harkness's fellow explorer, a young Chinese, who wrapped himself in a fur coat, with the hair outside, and pretended to be Sun-Lin's mother. When she is weaned, her diet will be more difficult, as she will need a daily allowance of 10 to 12 lb. of fresh bamboo shoots—the adult Giant Panda's only food in a wild state. Her long, sharp claws indicate that, when fully grown and weighing some 22 stone, she will be a formidable creature: hence Mrs. Harkness was willing to dispose of her. It was suggested that Sun-Lin might find a home in the Bronx Zoo at New York.

of a world, in which trouble and disappointment are the unavoidable and universal lot and in which death is the certain end of all things created. Hope is the secret of perpetual motion, for which the antique philosophers so painfully sought. It is the main-spring of every human activity.

To realise how true this is one has only to imagine what would happen if, by some miracle, men were suddenly to have the power to read their own futures. Immediately life would lose its entire savour. Not merely would everyone be deprived of the consoling



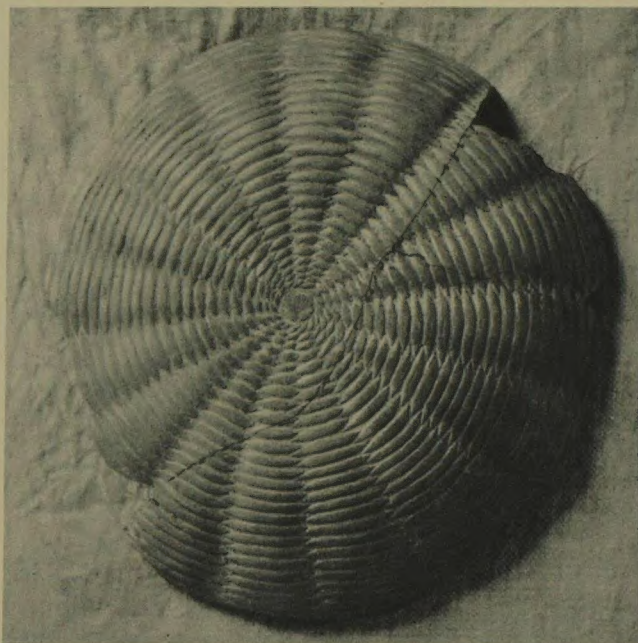
DRAUGHTS PLAYED WITH 14 PIECES 5000 YEARS AGO;  
AND OTHER EGYPTIAN RELICS FROM "MIDDLE-CLASS"  
GRAVES OF 3000 B.C.: A CHANCE DISCOVERY.



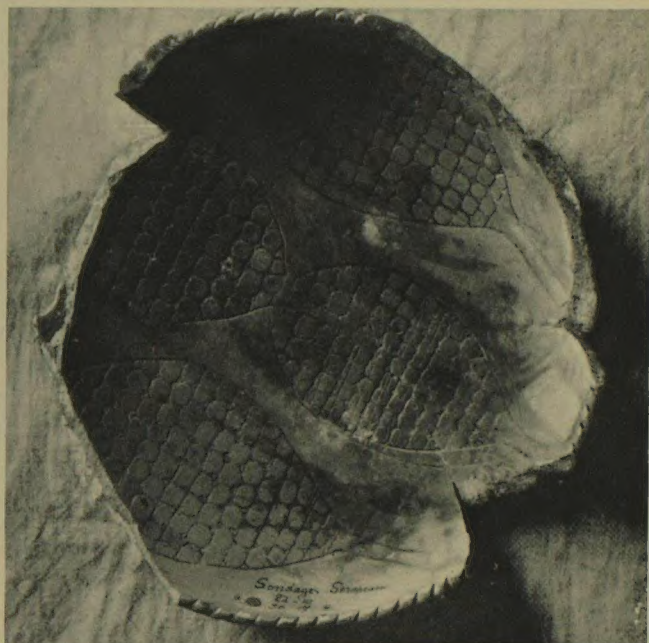
1. AN IVORY MODEL OF A BOAT  
CONSTRUCTED OF PAPYRUS REEDS: A  
UNIQUE OBJECT DATING FROM THE  
PERIOD OF THE 1ST DYNASTY,  
FOUND AT SAKKARA.



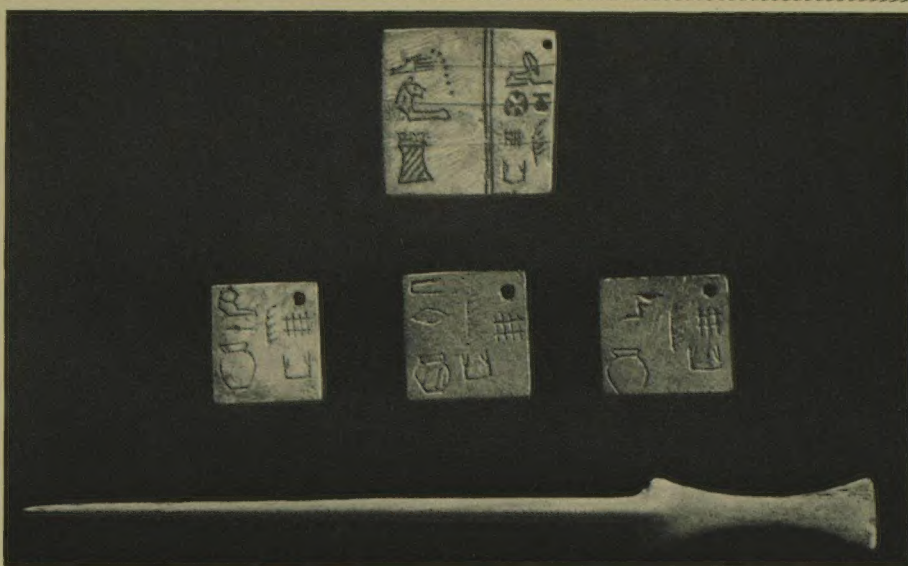
3. A FLINT KNIFE OF EXQUISITE WORK-  
MANSHIP, SO THIN THAT THE SHADOW OF  
A HAND HELD BEHIND CAN BE SEEN  
THROUGH IT. (26 CM. LONG.)



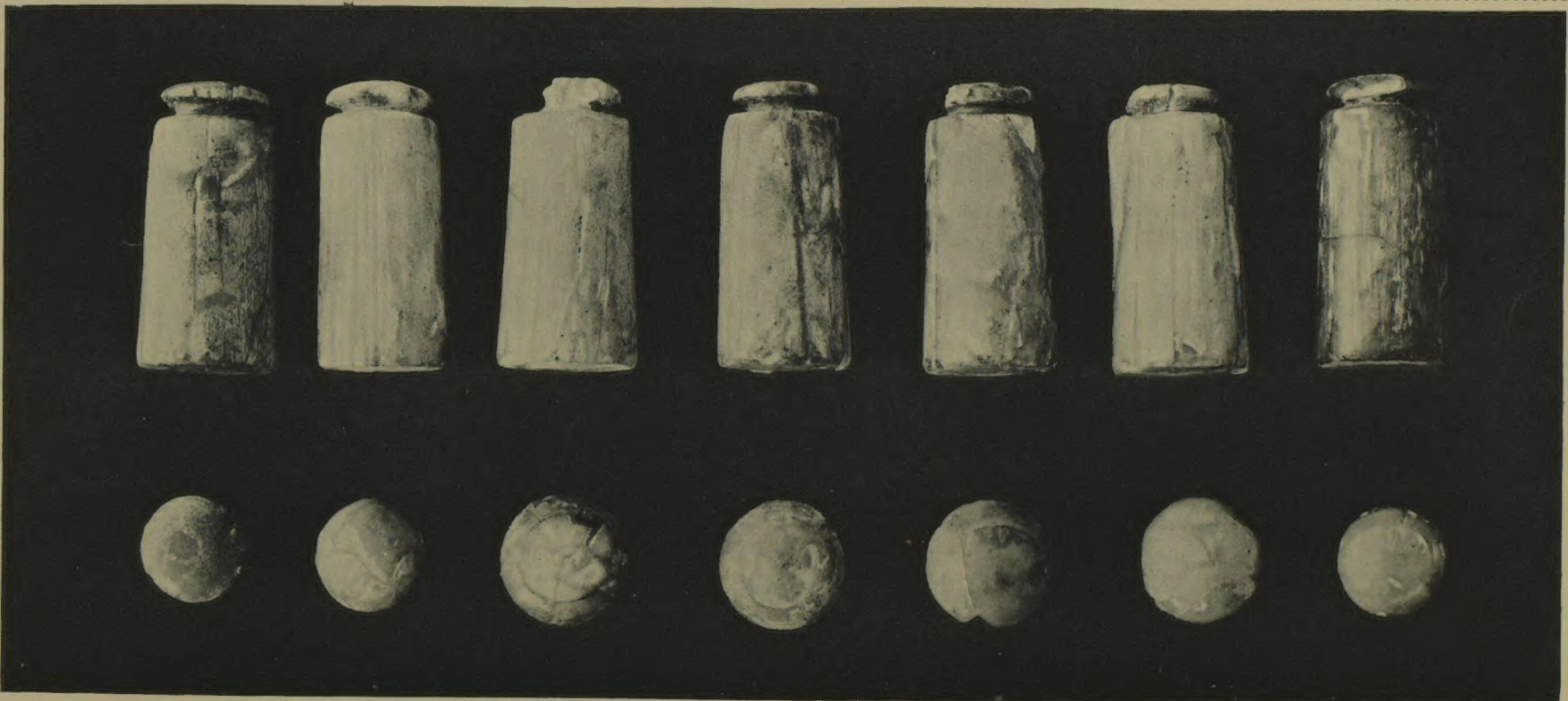
4. A SCHIST VASE REPRESENTING A BASKET OF A TYPE STILL USED IN  
EGYPT AND KNOWN BY THE NAME OF "MESHANNA": THE EXTERIOR.  
(ABOUT 15 CM. IN DIAMETER.)



5. THE INTERIOR OF THE SAME VASE SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION NO. 4  
(ADJOINING ON THE LEFT): A DECORATIVE DESIGN REPRESENTING GRAPES.  
(ABOUT 15 CM. IN DIAMETER.)



2. FOUR IVORY LABELS BEARING THE NAME ("IP KA") OF THE OWNER OF A TOMB  
IN THE CEMETERY DISCOVERED AT SAKKARA; AND A BEAUTIFUL IVORY HAIR-PIN.



6. A GAME STILL POPULAR TO-DAY AFTER SOME FIVE THOUSAND YEARS: IVORY DRAUGHTSMEN OF ABOUT 3000 B.C.—TWO SETS OF SEVEN PIECES EACH (ONE SET  
CONICAL AND THE OTHER HEMISPHERICAL IN SHAPE), FOUND IN AN INTACT TOMB AND SO PROVING THAT IN THOSE DAYS ONLY FOURTEEN PIECES WERE USED,  
INSTEAD OF TWENTY-FOUR. (HEIGHT OF CONICAL PIECES, ABOUT 8 CM.)

Unexpected discoveries of great historical interest and rare artistic value were made recently at Sakkara, near Cairo, by Makramallah Effendi, who was engaged in re-excavating the famous Avenue of Sphinxes for the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. In the course of that work he chanced upon an ancient cemetery of about 3000 B.C., a date suggested by the finding there of a seal of Den the Fifth, a king of the 1st Dynasty. It proved to be a middle-class graveyard, in contrast to the royal tombs usually found, and consisted of groups of rectangular holes sunk in the desert sand. The bodies, wrapped in linen or mats, but not embalmed, had been buried in wooden coffins. When the discovery was announced, about 130 graves had

been opened, and most of them were intact. They yielded a large collection of vessels (including three of a unique character) made of schist, breccia, dolomite, and alabaster, and showing a high standard of craftsmanship. One of the graves contained two sets of ivory draughtsmen (Fig. 6), with seven pieces in each set, respectively conical and hemispherical in shape. As the tomb had not been plundered, these sets were evidently complete, and showed that in those days the game of draughts was played with only fourteen pieces instead of twenty-four. Other interesting objects found were a bronze bowl, a beautiful ivory hair-pin (Fig. 2), an exquisitely wrought and almost transparent flint knife (Fig. 3), and a statuette of the goddess Mut.



# CHRISTMASTIDE IN WARRING SPAIN: FRANCO'S AND GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



THE GRIMNESS OF THE WINTER FIGHTING IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: MEN OF GENERAL FRANCO'S FORCES, GOING UP TO THE FRONT LINE BEFORE MADRID, AMID A SCENE OF DESOLATION.



WINTER CONDITIONS ON THE GOVERNMENT SIDE OF THE LINE: MEN AT THEIR MEAGRE DINNER ROUND A PIONEER'S "TABLE" PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE VALDEMURO-PINTO SECTOR.

Central Spain is notorious for its violent extremes of temperature. Heat and dust in summer, icy winds in winter have wrecked many military enterprises in the history of the Peninsula. The Madrid country is no exception. The sufferings of the men of both sides in the recent fighting can be imagined by all who had experience of trench warfare on the Western front; due account being taken of the fact that, in Spain, the men are probably very much worse equipped

—with the exception of General Franco's German "volunteers." There seems no doubt that these troops are being embodied in the insurgent forces in very large numbers. A total of five divisions has been mentioned. Italian "volunteers," it would appear, are much less numerous, but both the German, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian Governments are being urged by Britain and France to stop the departure of their nationals as "volunteers" for Spain.



## THE BIRTH OF THE CHRISTMAS PRINCESS: FIRING A SALUTE IN HYDE PARK.



IN HONOUR OF THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT ON CHRISTMAS MORNING: "K" BATTERY, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, FIRING A SALUTE OF 41 GUNS IN HYDE PARK ON BOXING DAY, WHEN A SALUTE WAS ALSO FIRED AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

On Christmas Day a bulletin announced: "H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent was safely delivered of a daughter at 11.20 this morning. Her Royal Highness and the infant Princess are doing excellently." The event took place at the home of the Duke and Duchess at 3, Belgrave Square. The Home Secretary (Sir John Simon) was present, according to Constitutional custom, as also

were the Duchess's parents, Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece. On the 28th the doctors reported "very good progress" and decided that further bulletins were unnecessary until the end of the week. The baby weighed 6½ lb. at birth, and has blue eyes and fair hair, resembling her brother, Prince Edward. She ranks sixth in the order of succession to the Throne.

## A GREAT CHRISTMAS FIRE IN THE HEART OF BERLIN: THE SCENE BY NIGHT.



THE BURNING OF THE NEW UNDERGROUND STATION AT THE POTSDAMER PLATZ: BERLIN'S MOST SPECTACULAR FIRE SINCE THE 1935 RADIO EXHIBITION WAS DESTROYED—CLOUDS OF GREEN SMOKE POURING FROM THE TUNNEL AND A STRONG FORCE OF FIREMEN AT WORK, AIDED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERYMEN.

On December 27 a great fire occurred in Berlin at the new Nord-Süd railway station under construction beneath the Potsdamer Platz, one of the city's principal traffic centres. At about 6 p.m. a flame shot up through a temporary plank roadway, followed by thick clouds of pungent green smoke, which enveloped the whole square. Immediately adjacent gas mains were turned

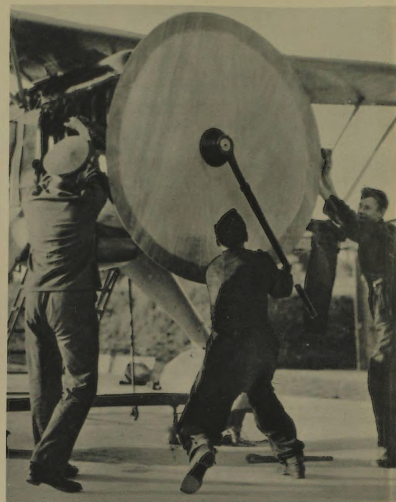
off and the nearest buildings were evacuated. The police drew a cordon round the danger area, and two companies of "General Göring's Own" anti-aircraft artillery were sent to their aid. Soon nineteen fire-engines arrived, and the chief of the Berlin Fire Brigade issued orders from a car with a loud-speaker. Late at night the fire was got under control. No lives were lost.



# AIMING FIGHTING AEROPLANES AT TARGETS: TESTING GERMAN MACHINE-GUNS THAT FIRE THROUGH PROPELLERS.



MACHINE-GUN PRACTICE IN THE GERMAN "LUFTWAFFE" (AIR FORCE): FITTING THE SPECIAL PROPELLER USED WHEN A FIGHTER AEROPLANE'S SYNCHRONISED MACHINE-GUNS ARE TO BE TESTED AT BUTTS ON THE GROUND FIRING-RANGE.

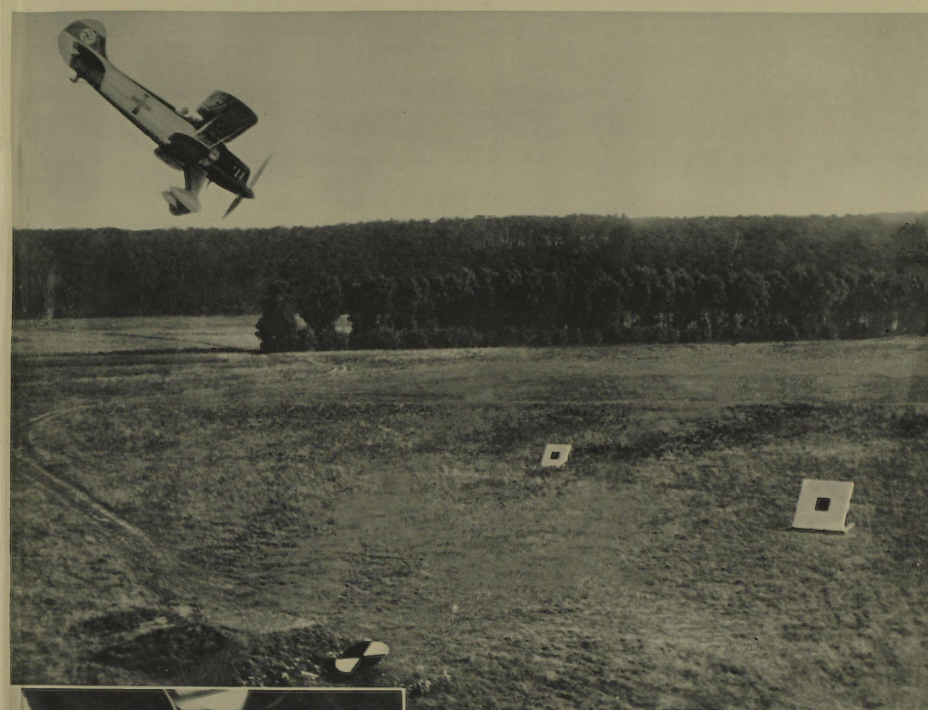


ADJUSTING THE SYNCHRONISING GEAR OF A FIGHTER'S MACHINE-GUNS: A WOODEN DISC FIXED ON THE PROPELLER SHAFT, WHICH SHOWS THE TRACKS OF THE BULLETS FIRED THROUGH IT, THESE HAVING TO CLEAR THE PROPELLER BLADES.

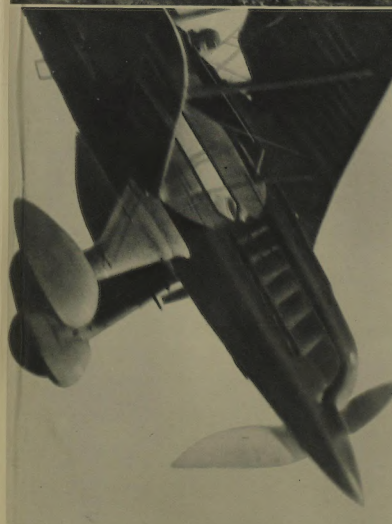
THE German Air Force ("Luftwaffe") continues to attract a good deal of attention in this and other countries. There can be no doubt that it is being expanded at a rapid rate. Further proof of this is furnished (as has been pointed out by the "Daily Telegraph" aeronautical correspondent) by the heavy casualties resulting from the rushing of the training of new pilots. There were nearly fifty accidents a month in the course of last year, a large minority being fatal. This figure is far in excess of comparative British figures. There are probably many other factors modifying the fighting power of the German Luftwaffe, rendering it less efficient as the instrument for irresponsible aggression—as which it has sometimes been condemned. The standard German fighters, it appears, are somewhat slow by modern standards, and not yet equipped with really up-to-date motors. There is also reason to believe that certain types of bombers, recently "tried out" in Spain, have not proved wholly satisfactory. Of course, it may be assumed that nothing is omitted which can contribute to the efficiency of the "Luftwaffe." On this page we illustrate the method of testing the synchronised interrupter gear by means of which the machine-guns are fired forward through the track of the propeller. There is, of course, nothing revolutionary in either the gear or the means of testing.



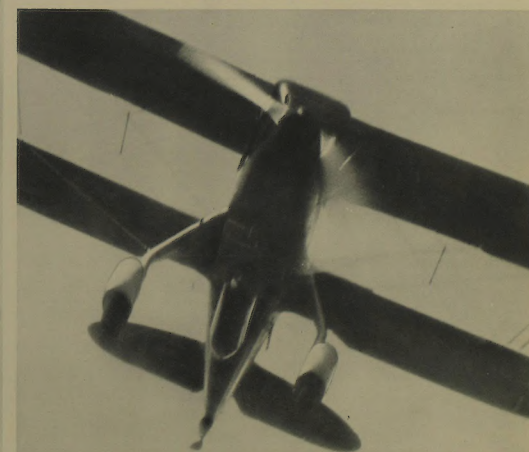
ADJUSTING THE MACHINE-GUNS IN A GERMAN FIGHTER: THE AEROPLANE ANCHORED TO THE GROUND WHILE THE GUNS, WHICH FIRE FORWARD THROUGH THE PROPELLER, ARE TESTED AT BUTTS TO ENSURE THAT THEY ARE PROPERLY SIGHTED.



A GERMAN FIGHTER AT FIRING-PRACTICE: THE MACHINE DIVING ON TO GROUND TARGETS—AN OPERATION IN WHICH THE MARKSMAN HAS A FEW FRACTIONS OF A SECOND IN WHICH TO HIT THE MARK, AND RISE CLEAR OF THE EARTH.



A GERMAN FIGHTER DIVING ON THE TARGET: THE HEADLONG PLUNGE UTILISED BY THE MARKSMAN TO AIM HIS MACHINE—NECESSITATING THE UTMOST QUICKNESS OF EYE AND MENTAL REACTION.



THE FIGHTER ZOOMS UP AGAIN AFTER DIVING ON THE TARGET AND DELIVERING A BURST OF FIRE: A MANOEUVRE WHICH MAY TAKE A MACHINE CLEAR OF THE GROUND BY ONLY A SCORE OF YARDS, AFTER ITS HEADLONG RUSH EARTHWARDS.



THE EYES OF A FIGHTER-PILOT: THE HEAD OF AN AERIAL MARKSMAN (WEARING GOOGLES) SEEN BEHIND THE SIGHTS WHICH ENABLE HIM TO DIRECT HIS FIRE AT THE TARGET BY AIMING HIS WHOLE MACHINE.



## ROYAL AIR FORCE "SHIPS OF THE DESERT."



SAND-YACHTS, BUILT OF OLD AEROPLANE PARTS, THAT SAILED ACROSS THE DESERT FROM ISMAILIA TO CAIRO: CRAFT BELONGING TO A UNIQUE YACHT CLUB.



BECALMED: THE SAND-YACHTS BEING TOWED THE LAST 500 YARDS OF THEIR JOURNEY TO ALMAZA AERODROME, CAIRO, BY A CAR FITTED WITH "CAMEL FOOT" WIDE TYRES FOR DESERT WORK.

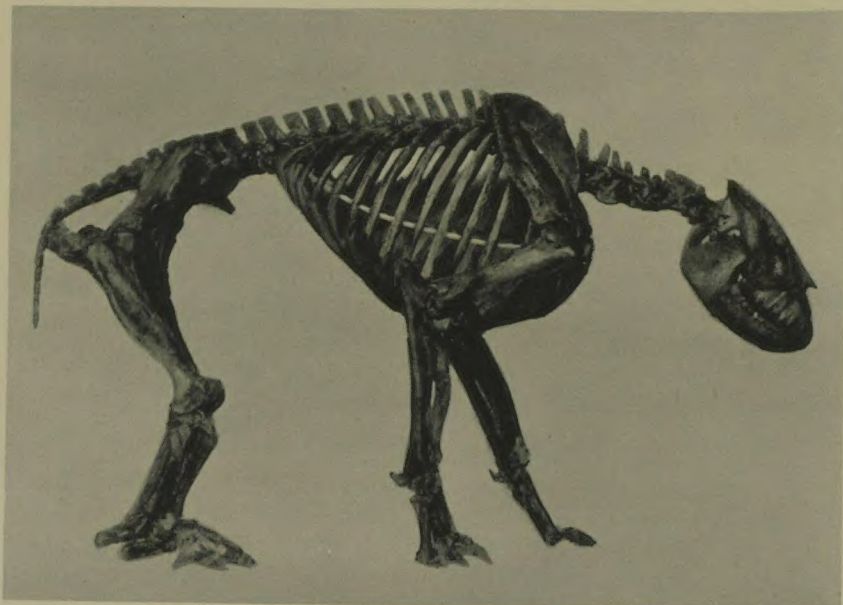


THE CREWS OF THE THREE SAND-YACHTS—TWO MEN TO EACH: A GROUP OF SIX LEADING AIRCRAFTMEN BESIDE THE "SHAMROCK," DAMAGED (EXTREME LEFT) BY CRASHING INTO A SAND-BANK.

These sand-yachts belong to the Ad Astra Yacht Club, of Ismailia, founded and run by British airmen, and claimed to be the only organised club of its kind. It now has 24 yachts, and holds periodical regattas. The "voyage" from Ismailia to Cairo was undertaken with a view to arranging a race over that course next season. The crews (two men to each yacht) consisted of Leading Aircraftmen A. Witt, L. Compton, A. Cook, V. Sturgess, J. R. C. Morgan, and F. Kirk. The distance as the crow flies is only 70 miles, but owing to contrary winds, calms, clumps of desert thorn (which punctured their pneumatic aeroplane wheels) and other obstacles, they covered over 150 miles before reaching Heliopolis. They took two days to do the last 15 miles, sometimes tacking for miles out of their course to advance a few hundred yards. At times, however, they sailed at over 40 m.p.h., and camels (hitherto the only "ships of the desert") that saw them showed signs of panic. The yachts are built entirely, except the sails, out of pieces of old and discarded aeroplanes.

## ANIMAL ACQUISITIONS—MIOCENE AND MODERN.

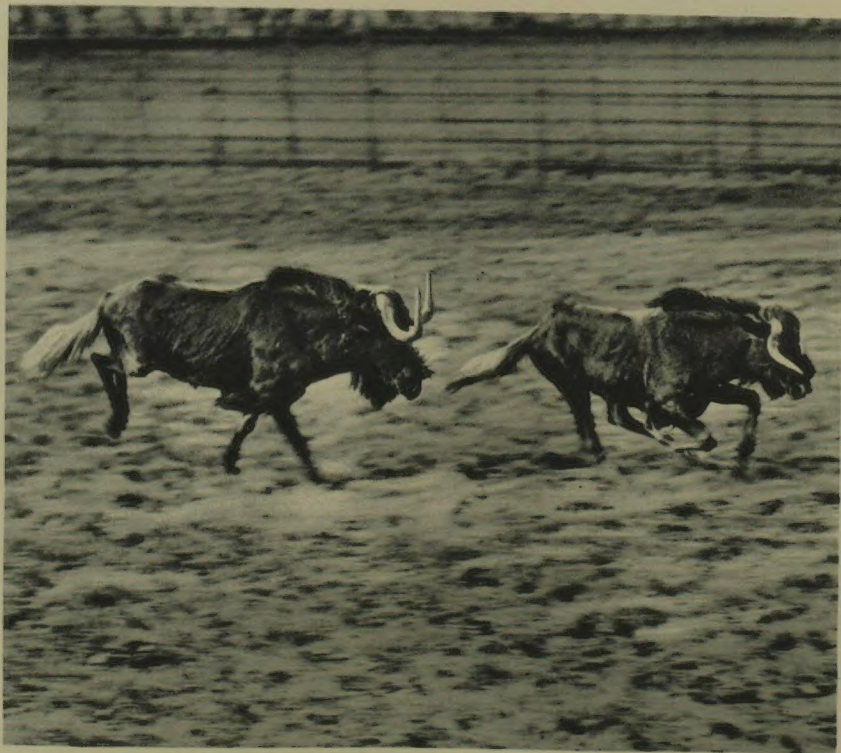
The Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago has just acquired the world's only specimen (practically complete) of a skeleton of a large prehistoric creature known as Homalodotherium, which lived during the Miocene period, about 15 million years ago. It was a South American animal, and the bones were discovered preserved in blocks of sandstone fallen from a cliff on the east coast of Patagonia. Previously very little was known of this species, as only fragments had been found. It had grinding teeth for feeding on vegetation, and long fore-legs with clawed feet, suitable for digging. The hind-legs were adapted to support it while digging, and may have enabled it to rear upright to feed from trees. A quarter-size model of the animal as it appeared in life has also been installed in the Museum.—The white-tailed Gnus lately placed in the Zoo annexe at Whipsnade are shy, and always on the move when visitors approach. The "Standard Natural History" says concerning the Gnu: "As a truly wild animal it no longer exists, but it is preserved on a number of South African farms."



THE ONLY KNOWN SKELETON OF A HOMALODOTHERIUM, AN ANIMAL OF THE MIOCENE PERIOD (ABOUT 15 MILLION YEARS AGO): AN ADDITION TO THE FIELD MUSEUM, OF NATURAL HISTORY AT CHICAGO.



A RESTORATION OF THE HOMALODOTHERIUM AS IT APPEARED IN LIFE: A STURDY ANIMAL AS TALL AS AN OX, WITH FOREFEET ARMED WITH STOUT CLAWS FOR DIGGING.



RECENT ARRIVALS AT WHIPSNAD: TWO OF THE WHITE-TAILED GNUS, ENGAGED IN ONE OF THEIR HEADLONG RUSHES FROM END TO END OF THEIR ENCLOSURE.



CHRISTMAS-TIME FESTIVITIES AND CUSTOMS:  
SEASONAL EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



AN ANNUAL CUSTOM WITH THE CUTLERS COMPANY: A BOAR'S HEAD CARRIED INTO THE HALL PRECEDED BY TRUMPETERS IN LIVERY.  
The Cutlers Company held their annual Boar's Head Banquet recently at Cutlers' Hall, Warwick Lane, E.C., and entertained as guests the Lord Mayor, Sir George Broadbridge, and Mr. Sheriff C. J. H. McRea. The boar's head, preceded by trumpeters in livery, was carried into the Hall with much ceremony and was greeted by the singing of gentlemen of St. Paul's Cathedral choir and choristers of Christ Church, Greyfriars. The Cutlers Company dates back to the reign of Edward III.



A PRE-REFORMATION CUSTOM REVIVED AT ST. MARY-OF-THE-ANGELS SONG SCHOOL:  
THE BOY BISHOP BLESSING HIS FELLOW-SCHOLARS.  
It was the custom in Pre-Reformation England for many parishes to select a Boy Bishop to hold office from December 6 (St. Nicholas Day) to December 28 (Holy Innocents' Day). This custom was revived last year at St. Mary-of-the-Angels Song School. The Principal, the Rev. Morse-Boycott, nominates three or four boys of suitable character and their fellow-scholars elect the Boy Bishop from them. This boy is solemnly enthroned, addressed as "My Lord," and treated with great respect. Eventually, his fellows whip him out of office!



PRODUCING SNOW FROM ICE: A BLOCK OF ICE BEING PLACED IN A CRUSHING-MACHINE WHICH TURNS IT INTO FINE SNOW.  
Our readers will remember the interesting illustration of indoor ski-running as a form of entertainment for Parisian diners-out published in our issue of November 21. In that instance, the ski-run ran between the tables and was covered with borax instead of snow. The photographs reproduced above illustrate an American development which, by using real snow obtained by a special process, should simplify the construction of indoor ski-runs and make



USING THE REAL SNOW, ARTIFICIALLY PRODUCED, FOR INDOOR WINTER SPORTS:  
SPRAYING THE SKI-RUN AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN WITH THE FINE SNOW.  
ski-running a popular form of indoor entertainment, rivaling ice-hockey and skating. The pictures were taken at the Madison Square Garden Winter Sports Show, where various ski-runs and sled courses were constructed. Real snow was used to cover these runs and was obtained by crushing large blocks of ice in a special machine. The fine snow which resulted from this process was then pumped under pressure through a hose and sprayed where required.



A SEASONAL ADDITION TO LONDON'S LIGHTS: GAILY ILLUMINATED CHRISTMAS TREES STANDING IN THE PORCH OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.  
The Christmas trees in the porch of St. Martin-in-the-Fields have become a familiar sight to Londoners, and at night their gay illuminations typify the spirit of the Christmas Festivity. Another tree loaded with toys stands inside the church. The idea originated some years ago, and the example has since been followed by other churches. This year two trees from the King's Estate at Windsor have been set up in the porch of St. Paul's Cathedral and are also illuminated.



A STREET OF THE HAGUE BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED: CHRISTMAS-TIME REJOICING IN ALL PARTS OF HOLLAND OVER THE ROYAL WEDDING.  
Recently, when Princess Juliana of the Netherlands gave notice of her intended marriage at the Town Hall, in the presence of the Burgomaster of The Hague, a fortnight of official festivities began all over Holland. These, combined with the preparations for Christmas, made the streets a brilliant spectacle of light and movement. The marriage will take place on January 7, and the Duke of Kent will be among the unofficial guests.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## BEAKS AND THEIR FUNCTIONS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE world was very shocked when Darwin propounded his Theory of Evolution, according to which the living bodies of plants and animals were not created in the forms they present to-day, but had "emerged" from ancestors differing, often profoundly, from their descendants. His great book, "The Origin of Species," was anathematised. Nevertheless, its appearance marked an epoch in human thought and our conception of the world of living things. Slowly but surely, in the teeth of the fiercest opposition, men came to accept at any rate the essentials of his arguments. To-day we set less importance on the agency of "natural selection" on which his arguments were based. And this change of attitude is the outcome of a wider knowledge of the material from which he drew his inferences—a knowledge begotten of the new vision he gave us, when applied to the vast accumulations of the thousands of new species of plants and animals, fossil and recent, which have been discovered since his day. Could he have lived till to-day we may be very sure that his far-reaching mind would have induced him materially to change his original views.

Some biologists to-day have persuaded themselves that in "Mendelism" we at last really have the key to the mysteries of Evolution. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that while the laborious results of experimental breeding have yielded a rich harvest, these results by no means justify the claims advanced for them. That the effects of use and disuse are the primary agencies in determining the bodily shapes of animals is becoming increasingly plain. Still, there are, as I shall presently show, some puzzling cases which at present baffle attempts to explain them.

seeds. But when we come to survey even those of the species around us in field and garden, we find they are by no means uniform in size and shape, and only in some cases can we find any close relation between the form of the beak and the nature of the

armed with horny, tooth-like spikes admirably adjusted to holding large and slippery prey. From the presence of this armature they are known by sportsmen as the "saw-billed" ducks.

That this interpretation of the forms of the beaks so far surveyed is correct is surely shown when we turn to those of the swallow tribe, the swifts, and the nightjars. For here the beak is reduced almost to the vanishing-point. It serves merely as a framework, or doorway, the mouth of which is of enormous size. These birds do not use the beak for holding or picking up food, or for breaking it up. The insects on which these birds feed are caught in mid-air by the mouth, and passed directly backwards into the throat. The beak, as such, from lack of use, has very emphatically degenerated.

Now let us turn to beaks of a highly specialised character, wherein forms are assumed by no means easy of interpretation. The enormous size they attain in the hornbills and toucans is generally interpreted as responses to their feeding habits; these relatively heavy birds needing a long pair of forceps to enable them to pull fruit from the ends of slender branches. In the hornbill it is



1. THE REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BEAK IN THE HORNBILL TRIBE: THE GREAT HORNBILL, WHICH HAS A HORNY CREST THAT IS OF MASSIVE APPEARANCE THOUGH IT IS ACTUALLY EXTREMELY LIGHT IN WEIGHT.—[Photographs by D. Seth-Smith.]

food. There is a correlation, as is shown in the beaks of the hawfinch and the crossbill. The former, as we know to our cost, has an unfortunate fondness for cherries, the stones of which it crushes with ease between its great and powerful jaws. When these come to be examined there will be found, across the roof of the mouth, a transverse, striated, horny cushion, and below this, on each side of the lower jaw, a prominent, horny knob with a striated, file-like surface. Between them, the cherry-stone is held and crushed by the muscular strength of the jaw. The crossbill feeds largely on the seeds of firs, the scales of which are broken off by the wrenching action of the upper and lower jaws, which cross one another, like a pair of hooks, at their tips. Thereby the coveted pine-seeds are easily obtained.

The hawk tribe and the parrots have beaks which, at first sight, seem to be very much alike. They are instructive. In both types they are used for tearing purposes, the one flesh, the other fruit. But in the parrot's beak the lower jaw is more "scoop-shaped," while the upper jaw has the under-surface of its tip striated to form a file-like surface, enabling it to hold nuts while the shell is broken. Their relative size depends on the uses to which they are put, as may be seen in the small beak of the seed-eating budgerigar and the enormous beak of the macaws and the black cockatoo (*Microglossus*), which can easily slice off the ends of "Kanary nuts" (*Canarium*), the shells of which we find it difficult to break without a heavy hammer. An entrance to the kernel having been made, it is extracted piecemeal by the long, sharp point of the upper jaw and a horny spoon at the end of the tongue.

The ducks and geese show very clearly the relationship between use and shape, in the form of the beak. But here it is associated with a very large, fleshy tongue, with more or less conspicuously developed horny spines along its sides. The edges of the beak bear horny lamellæ which, in the geese, become so strongly developed as to resemble teeth; while in the shoveller duck they take the form of a long fringe recalling the "whalebone" plates of the "baleen whales." In this case the fringe is used much as in the whales—for catching minute organisms in the water. But when we turn to the fish-eating goose-ander and merganser we find a long, narrow beak



3. THE CAPACIOUS BEAK OF A FISH-EATING BIRD: THE SHOEBILL OF THE NILE, WHOSE CHIEF PREY IS A SPECIES OF FISH WITH AN ARMATURE OF HEAVY BONY SCALES COVERED WITH ENAMEL (*Polypterus*).



2. CUVIER'S TOUCAN: A BIRD WITH A RELATIVELY ENORMOUS BEAK WHICH IS NONE THE LESS EXTREMELY LIGHT, ITS STRUCTURE CONTAINING NUMEROUS AIR-CHAMBERS.

To make what I am driving at as clear as possible to those who have given no thought to this aspect of living bodies, I take by way of illustration the beaks of birds, since all of us know something about birds—though, to see many of the strange forms they take, a visit must be made to the Zoo.

The great host formed by the finch tribe, as everybody knows, have hard, conical beaks for crushing

surmounted by ornamental crests of various sizes and shapes—secondary sexual characters. But the helmet hornbill presents a strange transformation of this ornament, for it has been converted into tissue of ivory hardness, backed by a special modification of the skull bones, to enable this unique growth to be used as a hammer—to crack nuts with?

The huge, trough-shaped beak of the shoebill of the Nile is perhaps due to the fact that it feeds largely on the "bichir," a large fish with an armature of heavy, bony scales covered with enamel. But there is a South American heron (*Cancroma*) and a kingfisher (*Clytoceyx*) with beaks closely resembling that of the shoebill. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the feeding habits of *Cancroma* which will account for the shape of its beak, while the kingfisher does not eat fish, but lives largely on great centipedes. There are two members of the stork tribe in which the cutting edges of the beak fail to meet for the greater part of its length, leaving a large gap. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given to account for this.





ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI OR ANDREA VERROCCHIO : A PORTRAIT RE-DISCOVERED IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.

This portrait, re-discovered in a country house in France, and attributed to Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) or to his teacher, Andrea Verrocchio (1432-1488), has been purchased from the John Levy Galleries, New York, and received by the Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan, as a gift

from Mr. Edsel Ford, of Detroit, supplemented by funds from the Founder's Society. The panel is 14 in. by 10 in. The sitter has not been identified, but her head-dress is of the type worn in Florence in 1475. The attribution to Leonardo has the authority of the Italian art critic, Venturi.



## A "CHRISTOPHER WREN" OF EGYPT MORE RICHLY SHRINED

ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDRE VARIËLE AND CLÉMENT ROBICHON, ARCHITECT, MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE OF ORIENTAL ARCHEOLOGY AT CAIRO AND JOINT DIRECTORS OF THE EXCAVATIONS DESCRIBED. RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY M. ROBICHON.



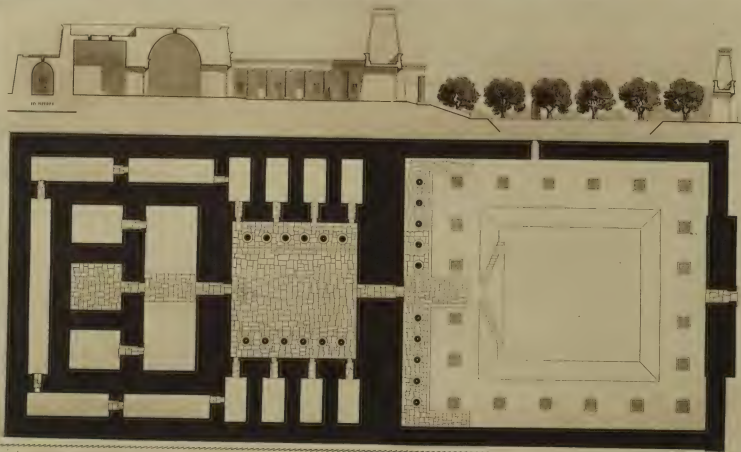
1. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS: (IN FOREGROUND) A VILLAGE FOR ARTISANS AND SCULPTORS, BUILT BY AMENHOTEP III.; (LEFT BACKGROUND) THE TEMPLE OF AMENHOTEP, SON OF HAPU; BEYOND WHICH STANDS ONE OF THE FAMOUS COLONNIES OF MEMNON, BROUGHT BY AMENHOTEP FROM HELIOPOLIS TO THEBES.



2. THE TEMPLE OF THE ROYAL ARCHITECT AND SCRIBE, AMENHOTEP, SON OF HAPU (c. 1350 B.C.): (IN FOREGROUND) THE SITE OF A SUNK COURT, OR BASIN, WITH DOUBLE STAIRWAY (AT FAR END) UP TO A RAMP LEADING TO THE SECOND COURT; (IN BACKGROUND) THE LIBYAN RANGE.

HERE is illustrated the amazing discovery of the Theban funerary temple of Amenhotep, son of Hapu, the architect who became a god. From the beginning of the eighteenth dynasty the Pharaohs were worshipped in shrines definitely separate from their tombs, which were hidden in the Theban mountains. This was the period at which the left bank of the Nile began to be covered with funerary temples, some of which, such as the Ramesseum at Medinet Habu, can still be seen in a state of impressive ruins. Unfortunately most of these temples are now destroyed, and their sites are only recognized by a heap of rubbish. At the end of last century, the English Egyptologist, Sir Flinders Petrie, excavating amongst these mounds, found six funerary temples. Last year the French Institute of Cairo, under the direction of M. Jouquet, resumed the exploration of this region; and this work, which was

(Continued opposite.)



3. THE DESIGN OF THE FUNERARY TEMPLE COMMEMORATING AMENHOTEP, SON OF HAPU: RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS—(ABOVE) A LONGITUDINAL SECTION; (BELOW) THE GROUND PLAN, SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT) THE SUNK COURT, WITH DOUBLE STAIRWAY, SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND OF FIG. 2.



4. PART OF THE ELABORATE MURAL DECORATION IN THE SLENDON MEMORIAL TEMPLE OF AMENHOTEP, SON OF HAPU, STATESMAN, SAGE, AND ARCHITECT TO AMENOPHIS III., AND IN PTOLEMAIC TIMES DEIFIED ALONG WITH IMHOTEP, ARCHITECT OF THE STEP PYRAMID: A FRAGMENT OF SANDSTONE HAS RELIEF REPRESENTING OXEN LED TO SACRIFICE.

## THAN PHARAOHS, AND LATER DEIFIED: DISCOVERIES AT LUXOR.

ORIENTAL ARCHEOLOGY AT CAIRO AND JOINT DIRECTORS OF THE EXCAVATIONS DESCRIBED. RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY M. ROBICHON.

entrusted to MM. Robichon and Variële, resulted in the unearthing of four new Theban temples. The most important of these buildings was consecrated to one of the highest dignitaries of the Court of Amenophis III., the Royal Scribe and Minister of Public Works, Amenhotep, son of Hapu. He was the architect who directed the construction of buildings for the most illustrious of the Pharaohs at Karnak, Luxor, Karnak-Helwan, and Soleb, and who transferred from Heliopolis to Thebes the Colossi of Memnon. The memorial building erected in his own honour eclipsed those of many of the Egyptian Kings. The unearthing of the monument of Amenhotep, son of Hapu, was a surprise from many points of view. The existence of a shrine consecrated to a private person, even a celebrated one, destroys the theory that these funerary temples were a royal privilege. The great proportions of the building were utterly unexpected; for, whereas the neighbouring temple of the Pharaoh Thothmes II. was originally only 17 metres (about 56 ft.) in length by 12 metres (about 39 ft.) in width, the monument of Amenhotep reaches 110 metres



5. FUNERARY TEMPLES AT THEBES: (LEFT FOREGROUND) FOUR TEMPLES DISCOVERED BY THE FRENCH INSTITUTE OF ORIENTAL ARCHEOLOGY; (CENTRE) THE TEMPLE OF EYE AND NEPHTHYS; (BACKGROUND) THE TEMPLE OF RAMESSES III. AT MEDINET HABU—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

(361 ft.) by 45 metres (about 148 ft.). Furthermore, the plan of this gigantic temple is most curious. Passing through the first pylon, one entered a garden with a central basin surrounded by trees. Three balustrades led to a terrace with a colonnade. Then one came to the second pylon and this led into a large court surrounded by peristyles, under which were eight vaulted chapels adorned with mural paintings. One bas-relief, wrought in sandstone, represented sacrificial processions, while religious and biographical texts concealed the bricks of this court. Finally, the visitor reached a large hall, covered by one of the biggest vaulted roofs in Egypt. The preservation of this monument, of whose existence there is evidence in 227 B.C., some eleven centuries after its construction, is of exceptional interest. The importance of the illustrious architect is enhanced by this discovery. The part he played as the "right-hand man" of Amenophis III., the greatest of Egyptian Kings, is underlined by the importance of his monument. If, under the Ptolemies, he was numbered among the gods of Egypt, it was because his renown had been so long preserved in his funerary temple.



6. AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF A PRIVATE MAN COMMEMORATED BY A TEMPLE GRANDER THAN THAT OF A KING: THE SHRINE OF AMENHOTEP, SON OF HAPU (RIGHT), DWARFING THAT OF THOTHMES II. (AFTERWARDS ENLARGED BY THOTHMES III.)—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.



# SPEEDING THE OLD YEAR ON ITS THE SYLVESTER DAY "FATHER CHRISTMASES" OF IN FANTASTIC COSTUMES; CLANGING



"SPEEDING THE OLD YEAR ON ITS WAY IN SWITZERLAND: SCHOOLCHILDREN OF THE CANTON OF APPENZELL DRESSED FOR THE CEREMONIES WHICH MARK "FATHER CHRISTMAS'S" ROUNDS ON DECEMBER 31.



FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE INQUIRY OF THE APPENZELL NEW YEAR'S EVE MUMMERS: MASKED AND COW-BELLED "FATHER CHRISTMASSES" WITH HEAD-DRESSES SUGGESTIVE OF GOOD CHEER; ACCOMPANIED BY THE YOUNGSTERS OF HERISAU.



"PLEASE! REMEMBER THE MUMMERS!"—APPENZELL "FATHER CHRISTMASSES" CALL UPON THE GENEROSITY OF THE NEIGHBORS TO THE NOISE OF CLATTERING COW-BELLS, IN ACCORDANCE WITH AN OLD CUSTOM.

In the remoter parts of the canton of Appenzell, the last day of the year is the occasion for a variety of popular diversions. These ancient customs are kept up in particular in Urnäsch and Herisau, important places in this quaint little district of Switzerland—chiefly remarkable for being divided into two parts with the incongruous names of "Inner Rhodes" and "Outer Rhodes." The celebrations take place on December 31, a day dedicated to the Saintly



"FATHER CHRISTMAS'S SYLVESTER DAY ROUNDS" (SYLVESTER-KLUSLAUFE) IN APPENZELL: A QUARTET OF MUMMERS MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STREETS, WEARING MASKS AND COW-BELLS.



THE FEMININE ELEMENT IN THE NEW YEAR'S EVE MUMMING: TWO PEASANT LADIES IN GIRLS' DRESSES AND SIMPERING MASKS; THEIR COSTUME SOMEWHAT INCONGRUOUSLY COMPLETED WITH LARGE COW-BELLS AND "PRACTICAL" BOOTS!

Pope Sylvester. "Silvesterstag" is the occasion for the appearance of "Santa Klaus" figures in the streets. The clanging of bells, sounding of horns, and wild outbursts of noise wake people from sleep. The "Silvester-Kläuse" (a sort of New Year's-tide Father Christmases) are beginning their rounds dressed in traditional garb, and with extravagant head-gear. Big cow-bells dangle on their chests and from their shoulders. The finest part of the show, however, is their highly original head-dress. The products of much careful work with fret-saw and paste-board in the long winter evenings are proudly displayed. Householders are importuned for alms at doors and

# WAY WITH PRANKS AND MUMMERY: APPENZELL, WHO MAKE THEIR ROUNDS ON DECEMBER 31 COW-BELLS AND DEMANDING ALMS.



THE FANTASTIC COSTUMES WORN BY THE APPENZELL NEW YEAR'S EVE MUMMERS: TWO COW-BELLED "FATHER CHRISTMASSES"—ONE IN A DRESS OF LEAVES AND THE OTHER CLAD IN WOOD SHAVINGS!



AN OLD HAND IN THE NEW YEAR'S EVE MUMMING: A "FATHER CHRISTMAS" WHOSE BEARD IS A NATURAL GROWTH; WITH A THREE-CORNERED HAT WORTHY OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET, AND A MONSTER COW-BELL.

windows. The proceeds of the Father Christmases' "rounds" are then honestly divided in the inns at mid-day! The wildest performance of all is given by the so-called "little Father Christmas" at Herisau. The quaint "Father Christmas" figures rush up and down the streets, and from house to house. These who value the goodwill of their customers for the coming year for their businesses as craftsmen, innkeepers, or bakers or whatever it may be, are well advised not to keep a tight fist on their small change, but give "Father Christmas" his due. The Herisau schoolchildren also wear a peculiar dress—a white shirt with bells on it, and sugar-loaf hats.



"FATHER CHRISTMAS" RECEIVES THE USUAL DONATION, AFTER A SUMMONS WITH HIS COW-BELL.



A CROSS BETWEEN FATHER CHRISTMAS AND JACK-O'-THE-GREEN: ONE OF THE APPENZELL MUMMERS.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NEW Years have a different meaning for different people, according to circumstances and points of view. At the turn of the year most of us look forward to better things, but some prefer to look back. It was certainly one of these latter—a *laudator temporis acti*—who remarked that whenever a new book came out he turned to an old one. That is what I find myself doing on the present occasion, not from any lack of optimism about the future, but merely because, as it happens, the first book on my list is at once both new and old.

My particular retrospect takes me back to the eighteenth century—more precisely, to the summer and autumn of 1773—in "BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D." Now first published from the Original Manuscript. Prepared for the Press, with Preface and Notes, by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. Illustrated (Heinemann; 21s.). Here is a work that will afford endless joy—in comparing it with the hitherto accepted text—to all good Boswellians and Johnsonians. Nowadays these two sets of devotees, formerly one and indivisible, tend to separate, for the large discoveries of Boswell's papers in recent years have made Johnson's biographer more of a distinct literary personality than a mere mouthpiece of his chosen oracle. The story of the Boswell MSS. is briefly recalled. Since 1928, the first collection found has been appearing at intervals in a limited edition, of which the 19th and final volume is now preparing. This publication, arranged in chronological order, had already passed the date of the Hebridean tour when a second treasure-trove of MSS. came to light, likewise at Malahide Castle, the seat of Lord Talbot de Malahide, a great-great-grandson of Boswell. In an ancient croquet-box was found another large batch of Boswell's papers, including the original manuscript of his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." This second collection, like the first, was acquired by Lieut.-Col. Ralph H. Isham, and it was arranged to publish the Journal independently, in the book now under review. Further volumes of Boswelliana are expected later.

The great interest of this volume is that it gives us "one of the great books of English literature in its original form, which differs materially from the previously printed text. After more than 150 years, the Journal as Boswell wrote it is published." The differences between the two versions are due to the fact that Boswell, in preparing the book for the press in 1785 (the year after Dr. Johnson's death), collaborated with Edmond Malone and eventually gave his co-editor a free hand. How it all came about is clearly explained, and the explanation throws piquant side-lights on Boswell's restless and erratic character. To make a detailed study of the Malonian influence on Boswell would be an object-lesson in the technique and aesthetics of editing, and it raises the question whether, in authorship, first or second thoughts are preferable. As the present editors point out, the revision was drastic. "Hardly a paragraph was printed as Boswell wrote it. . . . Only a page-for-page collation will show how extensive and pervasive the changes were. . . . That Boswell, on the whole, handled his revision wisely for readers of his own day can hardly be doubted; that his original record, untrimmed and unpolished, is more entertaining to our age seems equally certain."

Personally, I have not had time to make a "page-for-page collation," but I have applied the method in a few places and found the results very intriguing. Typical variations occur, for instance, in the famous passage describing the visit to Flora Macdonald, on Sept. 12, 1773. In publishing a travel-diary, written up (as Boswell's was) from day to day as the events occurred, the original manuscript will obviously be more vivid, and closer to reality, than a polished version elaborated later. Besides its value in that respect, this revival of the earliest form has further advantages. "We are now able to read the *Tour*, not as a book about Johnson, but as one of the best chapters in Boswell's autobiography. . . . To recover, in their complete frankness, all his and Johnson's comments on the

men and women whom they met is also a gain. *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, even after pruning, remained one of the most indiscreet books ever given to the world (did it not bring its author to the verge of a duel?), but beside the original record it seems decorous and even timid."

Although Dr. Johnson was not a medical man, it does not seem inappropriate to pass now to "A DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY." Adventures in Forty-five Countries. By Victor Heiser, M.D. (Cape; 15s.). In the extent and variety of his travels, the author has eclipsed his Homeric prototype, for he has seen many regions Odysseus never knew. Dr. Heiser is a famous American physician who early decided that he would make his life-work "the prevention of disease on a wholesale basis." He begins with a dramatic description of the Johnstown flood in 1889, which destroyed his home and left him, after an amazing escape, an orphan with his own way to make. "For over thirty years," we are told, "he has travelled about the world, as what he has called 'a globe-trotting drummer' for the famous Rockefeller Foundation. . . . He has

The new book is as delightful as its predecessors, and that is saying a great deal. In more than one passage, by the way, Dr. Sutherland voices a native's devotion to the scenes of the Boswell-Johnson tour, as in his reference to the new Cathedral at Oban, "wherein the simple faith of the Western Isles is expressed in stone"; or in the account of his pilgrimage to his boyhood's "Arcadia," full of fear lest time had destroyed its glamour. But "after thirty-four years nothing had changed." There is a note of homely drama in one cottage visit. "In the kitchen," he writes, "I found a large, tall woman of 76, somewhat afflicted with rheumatism. I said to her: 'Ellen, it's a long time since I saw you.' She replied: 'I don't mind you.' I said: 'The name is Sutherland.' She stared for a moment and then shouted: 'Almighty God, it's Hallie Sutherland!—and the devil was in ye the last time you were here. And now you will be wanting your scones and milk.'"

We are not told whether Dr. Sutherland prescribed for Ellen's complaint, but both would doubtless be interested,

from their respective standpoints, in "OUR RHEUMATISM." By Oscar Parkes, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B. Illustrated (Sampson Low; 5s.). Although the author does not precisely specify the public for which his work is intended, he evidently has in view the patient as well as the physician, since he has "tried to give a simple and easily understood explanation of rheumatism and its allied conditions." The book should have a very wide circle of readers, dealing as it does with "that protean malady which is no respecter of age or position in life." It should be valuable also to public health authorities, and it might appeal to philanthropists desiring to emulate Lord Nuffield. Doctors disagree, the author points out, as to the nature, causes, and treatment of rheumatism. Hence the book contains an element of controversy. Like Dr. Heiser, Dr. Parkes believes in prevention. "My conception of prevention," he writes, "is to 'catch it young.' I know of no magic formula for dealing with it otherwise. The great thing is that we now have means by which Rheumatism in all its forms can be treated with success." That method is "physical therapy," and he urges the provision of national clinics on the lines of the Red Cross Clinic at Regent's Park.



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AT ENZESFELD CASTLE, NEAR VIENNA: AN HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS—TAKEN WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHERS WERE OFFICIALLY ADMITTED TO THE COURTYARD FOR ONE MINUTE.

The Duke of Windsor agreed to receive photographers from many parts of the world in the courtyard of Enzesfeld Castle for exactly one minute. His Royal Highness acknowledged their salutes with a slight bow and wished them good-day in English and German. They had been instructed not to address any remarks to him. No sooner had the photographers taken their pictures than they hurried off to develop them and transmit them by the rapidest possible means to every corner of the globe.

probably inaugurated more movements to save and prolong human life than any other living person."

Dr. Heiser has told his story with unflinching verve, stressing the human and, as occasion offers, the humorous side of his experiences. Hence his book is not only a record of a great philanthropic endeavour, but a narrative rich in entertainment. Many famous patients have come under his care. For British readers, the deepest interest belongs just now to his acquaintance with the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor) at Manila, in the Philippines, in 1922. On the day of his arrival, in the *Renown*, the Prince was injured in a polo match. Dr. Heiser attended him professionally, and of subsequent conversations recalls: "I found that he was truly a Prince Charming, but he also had an astounding grasp of the problems of his country. He . . . discussed world events with great judgment." On the lighter side there is an interesting allusion to the Prince's fondness for dancing and his manner of choosing partners. His constant efforts to elude publicity caused many anecdotes, one concerning an amusing escapade in Japan. At Manila Dr. Heiser played tennis with the Prince. "He disliked excessively the fanfare and acclaim which greeted his every appearance. When he walked in from the court everybody would rise. 'Look here,' he would say, 'I'm just a tennis player.'" In the light of recent events, such glimpses of character are revealing.

In the department of autobiography the British medical profession can well hold its own against its Transatlantic colleagues, with such books, for example, as "Arches of the Years" and "A Time to Keep." Their author has now given us a fresh volume of reminiscences, entitled "IN MY PATH." By Halliday Sutherland (Bles; 10s. 6d.).

To revert to Bonnie Scotland—a solitary twentieth-century pilgrim provides contrasts with his celebrated eighteenth-century forerunners, in style and outlook, in "HEBRIDEAN HOLIDAY." By Owen Hamilton. Illustrated (Williams and Norgate; 7s. 6d.). Said a young Highland farmer to the author near Oban: "'And so ye're travelling through the Hebrides, are ye? Well, ye be travelling in goo-od company.' 'Oh, I said, 'Ever heard of Samuel Johnson?' 'Yes, of course.' 'Ever read *Journey Through the Western Isles*?' 'No.' 'Very interesting.' So it would seem that the Doctor's own book, rather than that of his henchman, is remembered in the islands. I like Mr. Hamilton's chatty and thoughtful book immensely. He has one advantage over Johnson and Boswell in being able to quote the magical "Canadian Boat Song." Perhaps if he had read Mr. Edward McCurdy's recent book, "A Literary Enigma," he might not have labelled the poem "Anonymous (*From the Gaelic*)."

Picturesque but more impersonal description is combined with an abundance of beautiful illustrations in "THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND." By Hugh Quigley. With Coloured Frontispiece, and 120 Photographs by Robert M. Adam (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). Another book recalls a remark by the young farmer quoted above (from "Hebridean Holiday"), who said to the author: "Heere in Scotland we have deifferent ideals to those in England. We're more educated." This idea is questioned in "IS SCOTLAND EDUCATED?" By A. S. Neill (Routledge; 5s.). The author sums up his argument thus: "If education is learning, then Scotland is educated, but if education is creation, then Scotland is uneducated. And if education means culture, Scotland is barbaric." This little book is modern, amusing, and provocative. It ends with a review of itself, unfortunately too long for inclusion here.—C. E. B.



“ODD JOBS” OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE : SOME LITTLE-KNOWN DUTIES.

Drawn by our Special Artist G. H. Davis, with the Assistance of the London Fire Brigade.



THE LONDON FIREMAN AS A FRIEND IN NEED IN ALL SORTS OF EMERGENCIES : UNFAMILIAR ACTIVITIES OF THE BRIGADE APART FROM ITS REGULAR WORK OF FIGHTING LONDON FIRES, GREAT AND SMALL.

Many and strange are the duties of London's firemen aside from their regular job of fighting London fires. Very frequently the Brigade is asked to release persons imprisoned or jammed in lifts, or to extricate work-people caught in machinery or children who have pushed their heads between railings and cannot withdraw them. Constantly firemen don breathing apparatus and fight through noxious smoke or deadly chemical fumes. A special lorry with a crane having a lift of 8 tons is often required to raise vehicles off people run over in the streets. In dozens of different emergencies the Brigade is in request, from a car on fire to

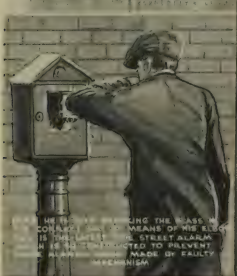
people pinned under fallen masonry. At great functions firemen are always present. Important buildings must also be guarded. Twice every year, for instance, hose is carried up over the dome of St. Paul's, and by a pump in the street below a jet of water is thrown right over the cross 365 ft. above the ground, to show that the Brigade is ready to operate on the very top of the Cathedral. Eventually the familiar brass helmets will disappear, and by the end of 1937 the Brigade will use cork and rubber helmets, safer in fighting modern fires, where "live" electric cables render a metal helmet dangerous.



# HOW A GREAT FIRE IS FOUGHT BY THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT FORCE: METHODS OF THE LONDON BRIGADE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

1. A PASSING PEDESTRIAN SEEING FLAMES & SMOKE FROM A RIVERSIDE WAREHOUSE, RUSHES TO THE NEAREST STREET-FIRE-ALARM.



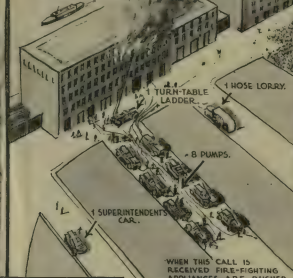
2. THE ALARM RINGS IN THE FIRE STATION WATCH ROOM & THE MEN RUN DOWN POLISHED POLES TO THEIR FIRE ENGINES.



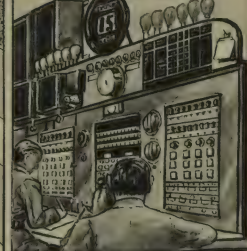
3. WITHIN FIFTEEN SECONDS OF THE CALL, THE ESCAPE (ALWAYS THE FIRST OUT) IS ON ITS WAY, FOLLOWED BY THE PUMPS & OTHER APPLIANCES.



4. THE OFFICER IN CHARGE AT THE FIRE DECIDES THAT A DISTRICT CALL IS NECESSARY.



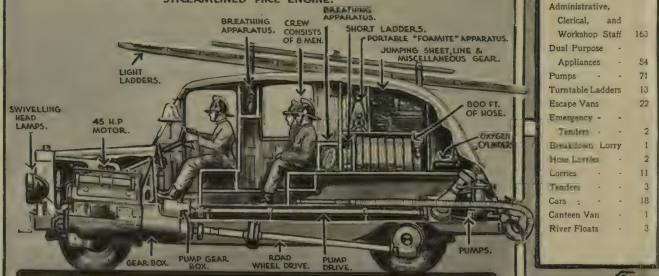
5. THERE IS NOW INTENSIVE WORK IN THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT HEADQUARTERS, REPORTS & ORDERS BEING RAPIDLY RECEIVED & TRANSMITTED.



7. IF THE FIRE IS OF SUFFICIENT MAGNITUDE, A BRIGADE CALL IS MADE.



THE LATEST TYPE OF LONDON FIRE BRIGADE STREAMLINED FIRE ENGINE.



Uniformed Staff - 1977	
Administrative, Clerical, and Workshop Staff - 163	
Dual Purpose Appliances - 54	
Pumps - 71	
Turntable Ladders - 13	
Escape Vans - 22	
Emergency Tenders - 2	
Breakdown Lorry - 2	
Hose Lorries - 2	
Lorries - 11	
Tenders - 3	
Cars - 18	
Canteen Van - 1	
River Floats - 3	

LONDON FIRE BRIGADE FACTS & FIGURES.

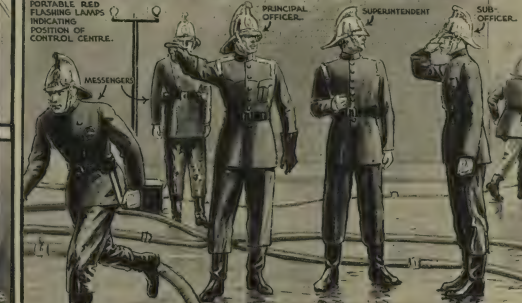
Land Stations - 60	
River Stations - 3	
Hose (in miles) - 52	
Street Fire Alarms - 1742	
During 1935:	
Fires - 5172	
Ordinary Fires - 863	
Special Services - 181	
Malignant Pains - 863	
Alarms - 408	
Malicious Calls Due to Defects in Call Apparatus - 1153	
Calls with Good Intent - 958	

WORK OF THE RIVER FIRE-FLOATS



THE LATEST FLOAT CAN DELIVER 1000 GALLONS OF WATER PER MINUTE AT 150 LB. PRESSURE. THE RANGE OF THE JET FROM THE MONITOR NOZZLE IS 100 FEET.

8. THE CONTROL CENTRE AT WORK AT A GREAT FIRE.

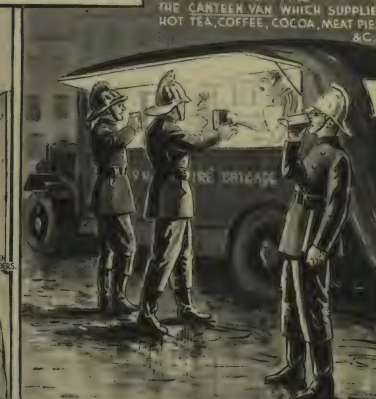
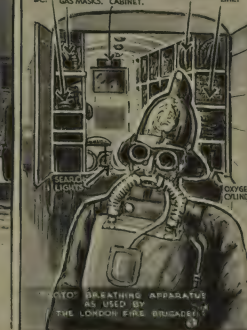


9. THE BATTLE AGAINST THE FLAMES IS THUS SCIENTIFICALLY FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

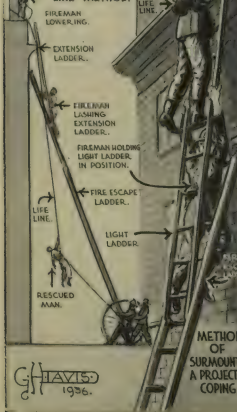


SATISFYING THE "INNER MAN" DURING A GREAT FIRE THE CANTEN VAN WHICH SUPPLIES HOT TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, MEAT PIES, &c.

THE EMERGENCY VAN CONTAINING ALL SORTS OF NECESSARY GEAR, INCLUDING GAS MASKS, FOR FIGHTING SMOKE & POISONOUS FUMES.



RESCUING A MAN FROM THE ROOF OF A BUILDING BY THE LINE METHOD.



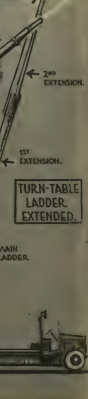
CORRECT METHOD OF CARRYING A RESCUED PERSON.



JUMPING. THE CORRECT METHOD IS TO STEP ON TO THE ROOF AND THE ARMS TO THE SIDES.



FIGHTING THE FLAMES FROM A TURN-TABLE LADDER.



## THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE'S REMARKABLE ORGANISATION AND EQUIPMENT: SUCCESSIVE STAGES

The average Londoner knows little about his great fire-fighting organisation, generally acknowledged the finest and most up-to-date force of its kind in the world. The London Fire Brigade comprises 1977 officers and men under Major C. B. Morris, the Chief Officer. Not a day passes without the Brigade being called to some outbreak, from great fires such as that at Wapping or the Crystal Palace, to a little blaze extinguishable in a few moments. The Brigade is wonderfully organised its efficiency is a by-word, and keenness prevails throughout its staff. This is very evident inside a

large fire station when a call comes in. In a moment the place, so quiet just before, suddenly erupts into frenzied movement. From above, man after man comes sliding down the poles. There is a rush and scurry, but everyone knows his job and does it instantly. The great doors swing open, the powerful motors come to life, the bells clang, and within a quarter of a minute the escape (always the first out) is on its way, followed immediately by the other appliances. The Brigade's equipment is second to none, and in the shops and experimental department at Headquarters appliances are

## OF ACTIVITY ON RECEIPT OF A CALL, DEVICES FOR RESCUE, AND NEW FIRE-FIGHTING APPLIANCES.

constantly being designed and tested. The horse gave place to the motor, pneumatic tyres replaced solid, pumps increased in power, steel turntable ladders that when extended are 100 ft. high, came into use. Recently came the new streamlined fire engines, and later the new lorries carrying 1½ miles of hose. Every week the Brigade gives the public a glimpse of its work free of charge at the Southwark Headquarters. People can watch a programme of drill by firemen under instruction and by permanent members. They see the method of jumping from a height, when, at a cry of "Taut

Sheet," man after man steps from a high window and rigidly drops into the sheet. Men climb like flies up the side of a house by hook ladders, are raised and "play" on an imaginary fire, and petrol fires are quickly put out by chemical extinguishers. Dangerous as the work is, there is never any lack of suitable recruits. The minimum retiring age for firemen is forty-seven. Early in 1937 the Headquarters will move into the new building under construction on the Albert Embankment.



## THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN AGAIN: THRILLS AT OLYMPIA.



THE CHRISTMAS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: THE COMEDY ZEBRA—A NOVEL VERSION OF THE EVER-POPULAR "PROPERTY" HORSE COMIC TURN.



THE BEAUTY OF EQUINE GRACE AND INTELLIGENCE: A SPLENDID TROUPE OF PERFORMING HORSES IN THE RING AT OLYMPIA.



A NEW JUGGLING ACT; REQUIRING MOST ASTONISHING SKILL: FERRONI PERFORMING ONE OF HIS FEATS ON HORSEBACK.



THE ART OF THE ACROBAT—ALWAYS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL LURES OF THE CIRCUS: THE KEMMYS IN THE RING AT OLYMPIA.



THE FAIRY-LIKE GRACE OF THE TIGHT-ROPE ARTIST: QUINTILLIA POISED IN THE AIR—WEARING WIDE SKIRTS AND CARRYING A PARASOL.



THE CUMBERLANDS: AN EQUESTRIAN ACROBATIC TURN OF A MOST COMPLEX, SKILFUL AND AMBITIOUS NATURE, WHICH HAS THE ADDITIONAL INTEREST OF BEING "ALL BRITISH."

With the return of the festive season, two traditional forms of entertainment come into their own—the pantomime and the circus. The latter, of course, is to be seen at other times of the year; but Bertram Mills' Christmas display at Olympia is the circus *par excellence*. The performing animals in this year's programme include



ONE OF THE MOST FEROCIOUS OF ANIMALS JUMPING THROUGH A HOOP: TRUBKA'S DARING ACT WITH KNIE'S PERFORMING TIGERS.

dogs, tigers, and chimpanzees, and, need it be said, the ever-popular troupes of horses. The acrobatic turns—too numerous to detail here—provide a series of novel thrills. Finally, there are the clowns and Augustes, whose antics amuse young and old alike. They include a celebrated Italian quartet never before seen in England.





AN AUDACIOUS AERIAL CIRCUS TURN DRAWING GASPS FROM THE AUDIENCE: THE "PEERLESS POTTERS."

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.



## A COMPLETE MEDIAEVAL SUIT OF CLOTHES FOUND IN A SWEDISH PEAT-BOG.

GARMENTS WORN BY THE "BOCKSTEN MAN" WHEN  
HE WAS MURDERED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—  
THE ONLY KNOWN ONES OF THEIR KIND.

By EDGAR INGELSON. (See also the Photographs on the Opposite Page.)

IN the remote fastnesses of the gloomy Bocksten peat-bog, forty-five miles south of Gothenburg, in Sweden, a body has been found in complete mediæval dress. This amazing discovery, which is now housed in the museum at Varberg, is believed to be the only known example of a well-preserved and complete set of mediæval garments. In the view of experts, the wearer of the clothing was thrown into the bog some time during the 1300's, and swallowed up by the yielding moss. Who he was nobody can tell for certain, but his discoverers have ventured the suggestion that he was either a wealthy trader or a nobleman from the neighbouring castle of Varberg or a sheriff slain by footpads or disgruntled underlings.

At the time of this secret crime, Bocksten Bog was an inaccessible place, far from every house and habitation. Its surface was then, as now, covered with the rapidly-growing, soft, moist, sphagnum moss. The assassins, if such they were, threw the body of their victim face-down on the mossy carpet. As it lay there, already beginning to be engulfed by the yielding sphagnum, they cut five fresh birch poles and drove them through the corpse.

This ceremony of "poling the dead," once common in all northern lands, was used upon those who had not received a Christian burial. Often enough these were criminals. The object of poling was to prevent the ghost walking. The Bocksten man must, however, be regarded as an exception to the rule, for had he been a criminal he would have been buried at the public execution-place not far away. He was a person with fine, reddish-brown hair, good teeth, and light russet eyebrows matching his stump of a beard. Fortunately for posterity, in their dread of betrayal his murderers did not steal the man's clothing.

The feet of the body are wound about with woollen cloth, over which lay the somewhat decayed remnants of a pair of leathern boots. The legs are encased to a point well above the knees in a kind of coarse hose or leggings. The man's principal garment is a sort of frock with a hole for the head, long sleeves, and a bell-like, flaring skirt. Around his waist was clasped a belt bearing two dagger-scabbards of leather, showing that the hapless gentleman was at least well armed. A leather strap originally passed over one shoulder, but has long since fallen off to the side.

Over this attire hung another cape of a thinner material, cut from one piece and provided with a V-shaped opening for the head. His dress is completed by a tailed head-cloth with a long appendage dangling down a full yard on the back. In all probability the prevailing colour of this clothing was originally a light grey, though the cape was undoubtedly meant to lend a dash of colour with its brilliant red. The head-cloth, as far as present examination permits an opinion, was apparently a shade darker than the rest of the costume.

To the acids in the surrounding moss is attributable the splendid state of preservation of this remarkable specimen of the daily attire of the Middle Ages. They have beautifully conserved the woollen cloth of which the costume is chiefly made, while on the other hand, all seams sewn with linen or other thread have burst. At the time of its discovery the frock had fallen into thirteen pieces, which,

however, could easily be reassembled. But on completion of the first preliminary reconstruction, several fragments were found to be left over. This caused consternation among the experts, who began to suspect that a mistake had been made. In view of the chilly temperature for which the man's outer garments were adapted, it seemed logical to assume that these remnants were pieces of some

sort of underwear. This assumption was proved incorrect when a careful, microscopic examination was applied to the number of stitches along each seam. Put together so that the needle-holes corresponded, the mysterious and unaccountable pieces proved to make an arrow-quiver! But this disclosure still left the man without the comfort of underwear. Perhaps such a garment had been made of linen, or even leather, which would not be susceptible to the preservative effect of the humus acids in the marshy ground. In that case, the mouldy powder from the decayed under-

garments ought to be found on the inner side of the well-preserved woollen frock.

Herr Albert Sandklef, the curator of the Varberg Museum, the institution to whose enterprise we owe this discovery, decided to test this theory. He built a frame of wood crossed with a mesh of wires in such a way as to divide the enclosed area into a series of squares. Laid over the inner side of the frock, the frame of squares was photographed from above. Specimen proofs of the lining within each square were then taken up in test-tubes and numbered according to the corresponding block. At the moment of writing, these tubes, which contain the solution of the question of the man's underwear, are reposing in the laboratory of Chief Chemist P. Henrici at the Museum of Natural History in Gothenburg.

Conscious of the extraordinary importance of this startling find, the experts have devoted great care to its preservation. The Swedish Government has detailed the chief of the curator's department at the National History Museum, Gillis Olson, to render advice on the conservation of wood and leather. Another specialist from Stockholm, Agnes Geijer, is charged with the preservation of textiles. In addition, repeated trips have been made to study relics and gather advice at the National Museum in Copenhagen, which

houses the nearest related clothing to the Bocksten dress in the world.

Of the dagger-blades, nothing whatever is left, the steel having been oxidised away long ago. The scabbards of leather and the hand-grips of wood, however, are well preserved, though at the time of discovery they were of a consistency resembling butter or vaseline. Boiled uninterruptedly for twenty-four hours in a concentrated solution of alum, a method pursued by the Danish experts on Greenland archæology, they are now as hard as stone.

The exact dating of the unusual find is a subject presenting many difficulties, as no comparative material in the form of actual dresses is to be found anywhere in the world. The Danish excavations at Herjolfsnes, on Greenland, which yielded well-preserved bodies and clothing, gave us the only specimens we have of Middle Age apparel, prior to the discovery of the Bocksten man. The Greenland treasures, however, are mere remains of clothing, having once been used as shrouds. A single whole suit cannot be assembled from all of the pieces together. The Bocksten find is therefore unique in being the only complete dress from the fourteenth century known to exist.

Although this uniqueness increases the remarkable nature of the find, it also unhappily stands in the way of an accurate dating. The nearest approximation that can be made is by way of comparison with pictures of the costume of the time. The closest resemblance has been found to exist with the dress of Petrarch as it is represented on a portrait of 1370.

In conclusion, it should be noted that these epoch-making articles of clothing, the coat, mantle, and long-tailed head-cloth, are soon to be put on display in the museum at Varberg.



WHAT A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MAN WORE AS HIS CHIEF GARMENT: THE BEAUTIFULLY PRESERVED INNER MANTLE, OR "FROCK," FOUND IN THE BOCKSTEN PEAT-BOG NEAR VARBERG, IN SWEDEN (TOGETHER WITH A COMPLETE SET OF CLOTHES), ON THE BODY OF A MAN MURDERED SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



WHAT A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MAN WORE ON HIS LEGS: A PAIR OF CRUDE WOOLLEN HOSE FOUND ON THE BOCKSTEN MAN.



## A UNIQUE MEDIÆVAL SUIT FOUND IN A PEAT-BOG.

14TH-CENTURY WOOLLEN GARMENTS, THE ONLY SET OF THEIR KIND KNOWN TO EXIST.



A DISTINCTIVE PART OF THE COMPLETE SUIT OF FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CLOTHES DISCOVERED ON THE BODY OF A MAN IN THE BOCKSTEN PEAT-BOG NEAR VARBERG, IN SWEDEN; THE HEAD-DRESS, WHICH COULD BE PULLED OVER THE HEAD OR THROWN BACK ON THE SHOULDERS.



THE HEAD-DRESS WORN BY THE BOCKSTEN MAN AT HIS DEATH SOME SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO—SHOWING THE LONG "TAIL" AT THE BACK, A FEATURE WHICH FIGURES IN MANY MEDIÆVAL SCENES.



HOW THE BOCKSTEN MAN LOOKED WHEN HIS MURDERERS FELL ON HIM SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND THREW HIM INTO THE PEAT-BOG: A MODERN MAN IN THE WONDERFULLY PRESERVED WOOLLEN GARMENTS—BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY COMPLETE MEDIÆVAL SET EVER FOUND.

WHAT is authoritatively claimed to be the only complete mediæval suit of clothes known to have survived has been discovered in an excellent state of preservation in the Bocksten peat-bog near Varberg, Sweden. The wearer, who plainly was murdered, was evidently a person of some substance, and, at the time of his death, had on a long light-grey "frock," with a flaring skirt; and a variety of other garments. Over the "frock" was a red cape in thinner material; with a separate head-dress, or head-cloth. This had a long tail dangling down at the back, a feature which will be familiar to many people from mediæval paintings and illuminations. The man wore leggings and leather boots. The question as to whether he had any further undergarments has not yet been solved for certain. If these were made of any material other than wool, they would not have been susceptible to preservation by the acids generated in the bog, and nothing but a series of careful chemical tests can decide. These tests are still in process of being made. An article giving a full description of these discoveries is on the opposite page.



# "A MONSTROUS REGIMENT."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
"THE HAREM": By N. M. PENZER.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

THE Harem, Mr. Penzer pertinently reminds us, was not an institution associated with the greatest days of Turkish history. The early rulers of Turkey "were much too busy overcoming their numerous foes and establishing an empire to find time to indulge the appetite for a sensual life that only follows in the wake of security, well-filled treasuries and abundance of leisure." Indeed, the institution and growth of the *harem* coincides roughly with the long process of the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire. It was largely responsible for producing some of the most degenerate rulers who have ever wielded power over human beings. Within a comparatively few years of its establishment inside the seraglio, it led to the extraordinary chapter in Turkish history known as the Reign of Women, which lasted throughout the latter half of the sixteenth century and most of the seventeenth. It was the Russian slave girl, known to legend and romance as Roxelana, who first showed what the power of the *harem* might be, when she established a complete domination over the great Suleiman. For a hundred and fifty years "it was the *harem* that ruled the kingdom, a continual battle being ceaselessly waged between the Sultan Validé, the Chief Kadin, and sometimes the *Kislar Agha*" (these terms will be explained presently). "The whole *harem* became a hotbed of intrigue, bribery, extortion, plots and counter-plots. While the Sultans were indulging in orgies of drink or vice, according to their tastes, it was the women

The detail is so multitudinous that we cannot hope to reproduce more than a fraction of it here, but we may accompany Mr. Penzer through the Four Courts, observing the main features and surroundings. The First Court was semi-public. All might resort to it, provided that they maintained the reverent silence which was obligatory. It was entered through the massive triumphal arch of the Imperial Gate, and contained, besides the Church of St. Irene and the Imperial Mint, several domestic departments; but it is chiefly associated with the Janissaries. Of that curious body of household troops, founded in the fifteenth century and recruited from young foreign Christian slaves—a body which grew enormously in number and power until it was suppressed by Mahmud II. in the early nineteenth century—Mr. Penzer gives an arresting historical sketch. It was one of the most sinister products of the palace system, and repeatedly affected the course of Turkish history.

Through the *Ortakapi*, or Central Gate, we enter the Second Court, which was chiefly a scene of State ceremonial. Here ambassadors were received and great functions were held; in a later section on Turkish Court dress, Mr. Penzer gives a vivid impression of the magnificence of these occasions, which continued for many centuries in all the splendour of Oriental tradition. Here also were held the Divans, which originally were attended by the Sultan himself, until Suleiman built a grilled window overlooking the Council Chamber, "into which he could creep unobserved without the Council's knowing if he were there or not. In this way a certain check was kept on the proceedings, which always had to take place as if in the actual presence of the Sultan." In the Second Court were also an Inner Treasury, the quarters of the halberdiers, and a large number of kitchens, each appropriated to Court officials of different rank.

Before we pass through the Gate of Felicity to the Third Court, we observe to right and left of the dividing wall the quarters of the White and Black Eunuchs. These were among the most important of all the officials. The White Eunuchs were recruited from conquered and

three tails, was confidential messenger between the Sultan and the Grand Vizir, was alone entitled to have both eunuchs and girls as slaves, was allotted as many as 300 horses for his personal use, could alone approach the Sultan at all times of the day and night, and was . . . the most feared, and consequently the most bribed, official in the whole Ottoman Empire." A hierarchy of subordinates

served under him. Yet he was generally "a crude, ignorant and corrupted man, and the thrusting of such power into his hands played a large part in the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire." The number of these Court parasites—men described by physiologists as naturally "ill-tempered, morose, childish, petulant, revengeful, cruel and arrogant"—constantly tended to grow, until it reached as many as 800 at some periods. Their influence on palace politics may be easily imagined.

On the flank of the Second and Third Courts are the *harem* and the *selamlık* themselves, with the Golden Road of the Sultan between them. Mr. Penzer gives a highly interesting description of the organisation of the women's quarters. The concubines, the number of whom ranged, with different Sultans, between 300 and 1200, were all slave girls, largely Circassians. The supreme ruler was

the Sultan Validé, mother of the reigning Sultan. From her apartments, "the whole Seraglio, and at times the whole Turkish Empire, was ruled. These tiny, silent rooms could indeed a tale unfold." An *ikbal* on whom the Sultan's favour fell might be raised to the rank of *kadin*, and there was, needless to say, intense rivalry and competitions among the *kadins* of various ranks. An entire "female Cabinet," with elaborate degrees of precedence and with a whole system of courts-within-courts, served under the Sultan Validé. "The full story of the countless *harem* intrigues will never be told, nor will the number of women drowned in sacks be known." Troublesome members of the *harem* constantly disappeared into the Bosphorus; it is said that the monster Ibrahim—who was, however,

probably insane—decided to drown his entire *harem* "for the fun of getting a new one," and several hundred women were tied up in sacks and drowned. Apart from these horrors, the daily life of these indolent, pampered, and ambitious women, with nothing but intrigue or feverish Court entertainments to relieve monotony, is gruesome to contemplate.

In the *selamlık*, the throne-room is still to be seen, and all the chambers are gorgeously adorned, especially with ceramic work. Here also is the dreadful *Kafes*, or Cage, "the scene of more wanton cruelty, misery and bloodshed than any other palace room in the whole of Europe." In this prison the numerous progeny of the Sultan were kept, completely shut off from the world. If they became too numerous, many of them were despatched by strangling or drowning, and wholesale executions constantly took place. Muhammad III., it is said, put nineteen of his brothers to death when he ascended the throne, besides drowning seven of his father's pregnant concubines. Many of the Sultans came to the throne after long incarceration in this Chamber of Horrors, and it is little wonder that few of them were normal men.

There remain the Third and Fourth Courts, to which few but the highest officials had access. The most important buildings in the Third Court were the Palace School and the Pavilion which contained the Holy Mantle and other relics of the Prophet. The Fourth Court was entirely a royal pleasure-ground, with the beautiful Revan and Baghdad Kiosks—"examples of the supreme works of the Turkish architectural style based on Persian originals of the seventeenth century"—and the gardens which so many successive Sultans enriched and adorned. Let us hope that there at least these unhappy men, more sinned against than sinning, had some respite from all the human folly, depravity, and cruelty which surrounded them.



THE INTERIOR DECORATION OF THE SERAGLIO, AT ISTANBUL: THE HALL OF THE DIVAN DECORATED IN A LOUIS XV. STYLE; WITH THE SULTAN'S GRILLED WINDOW, WHENCE HE COULD LISTEN TO THE DELIBERATIONS OF HIS COUNSELLORS UNSEEN.

who crept to the secret grilled window of the Divan, listened to State secrets, and played their cards accordingly." Mr. Penzer rightly observes that a vast amount of misconception has grown up round the *harem*; it was not merely a playground for voluptuous monarchs, nor yet a mere appanage to the royal household, but, on the contrary, an extremely elaborate organisation of Court influence and administration. But its complexity was all the more dangerous because it was directed to no reasonable purpose—it was merely the complexity of a malignant growth spreading and feeding upon a living organism; and the system of government which grew out of it was one of the most senseless and ineffectual that mankind has ever seen.

It lasted, nevertheless, some four hundred and fifty years. When Muhammad II., the Conqueror, took Byzantium by storm, and established the Turkish power in Europe, in 1453, he lost no time in adding to the splendours of Seraglio Hill—that "architectural palimpsest," as Mr. Penzer describes it, with its innumerable monuments of Greek, Roman, and Muslim civilisation. "Seraglio," it should be explained, is not synonymous with "harem," but means a palace; it was not until 1542 that the troop of concubines was included within the royal seraglio itself, becoming an integral part of it. So they remained until the fall of Abdul-Hamid II., in 1909, when the *harem* was finally dispersed. To-day the seraglio is preserved as a national monument, and considerable portions are open to the public as a museum. Much of it, however, is either closed to visitors, or is so dilapidated as to be unsafe. Its topography is by no means easy to reconstruct, especially as its buildings are of many different periods. Mr. Penzer, however, has explored it with great thoroughness, and is able in this volume to offer a unique reconstruction of it, based not only on his own investigations, but on various early accounts of travellers and on many interesting old engravings and diagrams. Mr. Penzer's own photographs of many hitherto unknown parts of the palace are of special value. He may confidently claim to have written the most complete description ever yet published of an institution which throughout its existence was jealously hidden from the world. At the end of the volume, an admirably clear and comprehensive plan shows the entire group of buildings in detail.

\* "The Harem: An Account of the Institution as it Existed in the Palace of the Turkish Sultans; with a History of the Grand Seraglio from its Foundation to the Present Time." By N. M. Penzer, M.A., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (George G. Harrap and Co.; 21s.)



THE FOUNDER OF THE PALACE OF THE SULTANS ON THE SERAGLIO HILL AT ISTANBUL: MUHAMMAD II., THE CONQUEROR OF CONSTANTINOPLE—AFTER A DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF THE SERAGLIO LIBRARY.

Reproductions from "The Harem"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Harrap.



THE ROYAL HAREM OF THE SULTANS: AN IMAGINATIVE DRAWING FROM MELLING'S "VOYAGE PITTORESQUE DE CONSTANTINOPLE," WHICH, FOR ALL ITS CIRCUMSTANTIAL DETAIL, GIVES AN ENTIRELY ERRONEOUS IDEA OF THE INTERIOR OF THIS MYSTERIOUS INSTITUTION.

The author of "The Harem" writes: "The picture merely represents what Melling would have built had he been entrusted with the complete remodelling of the Seraglio." The actual harem is now a place of "tiny rooms, narrow corridors, rickety staircases, broken marble baths, musty store-cupboards, heavily barred windows and creaky iron-studded wooden doors."

enslaved Europeans; their duties lay in the *selamlık*, or male quarters, and in particular they were concerned with the management of the Palace School, in which the pages and young Janissaries were trained. The *Kapi Agha*, or Chief White Eunuch, was head of the Inner Service and the personal confidant of the Sultan. A whole descending scale of subordinate White Eunuchs were charged with innumerable other functions in the Sultan's apartments.

The Black Eunuchs (also slaves, recruited in large numbers from Africa) held sway in the *harem*. Their chief, the *Kislar Agha*, was a person of immense consequence and power. He became commander of the corps of *baltaji*, or halberdiers, held the rank of Pasha with



## THE ROYAL FAMILY-PARTY CHRISTMAS: THEIR MAJESTIES; THE QUEEN MOTHER; AND THE PRINCESSES.



THE ROYAL FAMILY GOES INTO THE COUNTRY FOR CHRISTMAS: HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. AND H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH LEAVING 145, PICCADILLY, FOR SANDRINGHAM.



THE ROYAL FAMILY MOTORING TO KING'S CROSS TO CATCH THE TRAIN TO WOLFERTON, FOR SANDRINGHAM: T.M. KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE.



THE ROYAL FAMILY AT KING'S CROSS, ON THEIR WAY TO SANDRINGHAM: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH HER YOUNGER SISTER, WAITING HAND-IN-HAND FOR OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



LEAVING LONDON: THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH ABOUT TO ENTER KING'S CROSS STATION; WITH MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ENTOURAGE—AN OCCASION WHEN THEY WERE WARMLY ACCLAIMED.

THE Royal Family spent their Christmas in the country, at Sandringham. They travelled down by train on December 22. They were given an enthusiastic send-off at King's Cross. The Queen, who was dressed in black, with a spray of white flowers on her left shoulder, looked very well, and seemed to have quite recovered from her attack of influenza. When the royal party arrived at Wolferton, the station for Sandringham, they were received by the stationmaster, Mr. Jordan, and Captain Van Beck, Chief Constable of Norfolk. After chatting for a few moments, the King and Queen, Queen Mary, and the little Princesses entered a motor-car and drove away to Sandring-

[Continued opposite.]



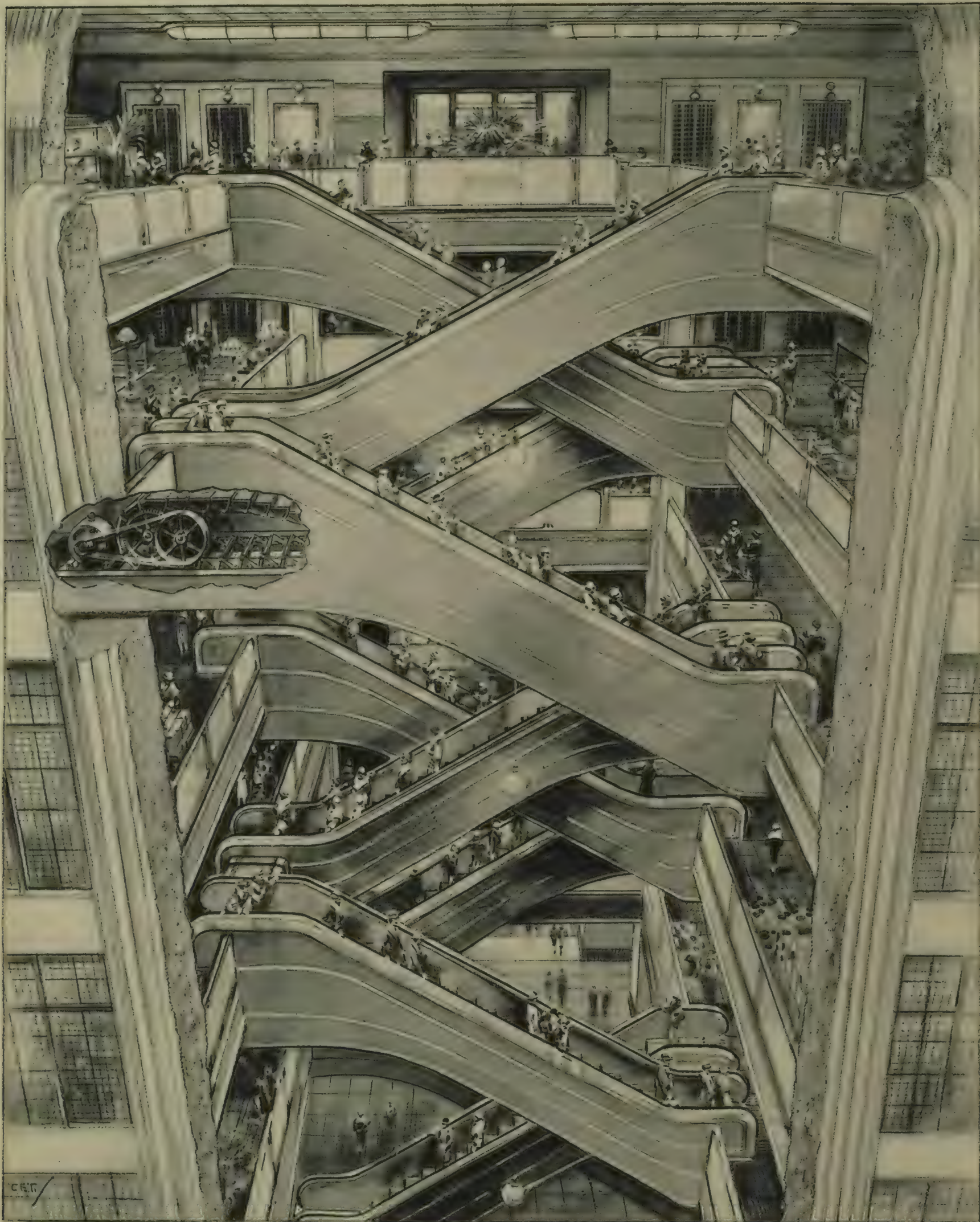
IN NORFOLK: THE ROYAL CAR LEAVING WOLFERTON STATION FOR SANDRINGHAM HOUSE; WITH THE KING AND QUEEN, QUEEN MARY, AND THE LITTLE PRINCESSES ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.

ham House. A small crowd had gathered outside the station, in spite of a downfall of rain, and the royal party was warmly cheered. They acknowledged the greeting, and Princess Elizabeth and her sister waved their hands. On Christmas Eve, his Majesty, in accordance with the custom of his father, attended the distribution of nearly three tons of geese to officials, tenants, and workers on the estate. This was held in the coach-house. The decorations at Sandringham House included a big Christmas-tree nearly 30 ft. high, bearing a mass of coloured electric lights. On Christmas morning the King and the royal party arranged to attend a carol service. A shooting party was fixed for Boxing Day morning.



## AN OVERHEAD AMENITY IN A LONDON SHOP: A BOON TO CUSTOMERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST C. E. TURNER.

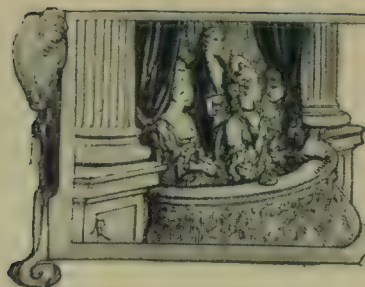


IN THE NEW ESCALATOR HALL OF A GREAT LONDON STORE: A CENTRE WITH TEN SETS OF MOVING STAIRS—A FULL CAPACITY INSTALLATION—BY MEANS OF WHICH SHOPPERS ARE BORNE SWIFTLY AND EASILY TO ANY DEPARTMENT.—LEFT CENTRE: A DRIVING UNIT.

It has long been the affair of Big Business to make shopping speedier and easier and pleasanter. Amenity has followed amenity; and now Messrs. D. H. Evans, the famous Oxford Street firm, can claim to have pioneered in this country the use of escalators in a great department store on a scale technically described as "full capacity"—that is, capable of accommodating the maximum number of customers entering the store. It is a noteworthy fact that lifts of an equivalent capacity would take up a much larger space than that which is occupied by the "Escalator Hall." Escalators—made so familiar by the Underground Railway—have the additional advantage that no waiting is entailed. There is, moreover, plenty of room for people to pass one another on the moving stairs. Lifts and

stationary stairs are, of course, also included in the building. There are ten separate escalators in Messrs. D. H. Evans' Escalator Hall, the lower ones being driven by 9 h.p., and the upper ones by 7½-h.p. motors. One of the latter is illustrated in the "cut-away" in our drawing. The Escalator Hall is in a central situation from which every department is easily accessible. Every escalator is reversible, and in the unlikely event of fire, they could all operate downwards. Great care has been taken to eliminate noise. Another attractive feature is that shoppers can see all round them while going up and down. It is interesting to add, in these times of foreign competition, that the escalators have been installed by a British firm, Messrs. J. and E. Hall, of Dartford, Kent.





# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.



## GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER.

IT is only recently that "crime" plays have been at the top of the popularity list. At one time farces and musical shows, from "Chu Chin Chow" and "Charley's Aunt" downwards, were the only kind of entertainment with any chance of topping 1000 performances in the West End; that is, enjoying nearly 2½ years' run, with eight performances a week. But when "Ten-Minute Alibi" climbed up to 878 performances it was obvious that a change of taste had occurred. The popularity of the detective novel was finding its counterpart in the theatre.

That, at any rate, is one lesson to be derived from the record of recent productions. During the past year "Night Must Fall" has been a constant attraction, first at the Duchess Theatre and then at the Cambridge. It was first produced on May 1, 1935, and I should not be surprised to see this gruesome but thoroughly effective story of the page-boy who became a murderer out of vanity still being performed in May of 1937. It is interesting to notice that the Duchess is now occupied by Mr. T. S. Eliot's play about Becket called "Murder in the Cathedral." Murder yet again! It is not unfair to suggest that this drama in verse, which has also run through a complete year, first at the Mercury in Notting Hill and then at the Duchess, owes something to its title. Neither in subject nor in style does this seem to be a play for Everyman. But Mr. Eliot, like the rest, can "get away with murder."

Of the autumn successes, one of the earliest, and possibly one likely to live on for a long time at the Haymarket yet, is Mr. Barré Lyndon's "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," a mysterious drama

of villainy that a single murder hardly seems to count! This is certainly a play for the simple-minded, and you may guess its secret long before time is up, but there is so much action and so much fun (trust Mr. Gordon Harker) that the entertainment does not cease to entertain merely because the cat is out of the bag or the Frog is out of - whatever frogs come out of. Why, incidentally, do cats come out of bags?

Another prime favourite of the detective-story public has made his first appearance on the stage, and I do not

hearty meal and miss nothing. But at the crime play, especially at the more carefully composed type of crime play of which "Busman's Honeymoon" is an excellent specimen, you have to keep your "eyes skinned," as they say, and your wits constantly and fully at work if you are going to derive the proper enjoyment inherent in the play; that is, the matching of your talent for unravelling a knot with the author's power of tying one. The audience at this sort of show must really sit up and take notice, otherwise there is no point in going there at all. The lazy playgoer and the lazy reader has no sort of use for criminological tangles; they ask far too much of his industry and ingenuity.

Accordingly, you may say that the addiction of the modern playgoers to plays about murder proves a certain morbidity of appetite (when I first saw "Night Must Fall" I thought it was extremely ingenious, but also that the theme contained elements so horrible as to defeat a general popularity; but I was utterly mistaken). But you must also concede that the addiction to homicidal plots proves a toughness of intellect and a widespread liking for working out problems: many people are quite happy memorising details of time and circumstance and proceeding to deduce from these the correct conclusions about the criminal's identity! To me a deal of this seems harder than lessons and my attention is apt to flag, so that I begin to lose interest altogether in the case of murder which is being probed before my eyes.

But I am aware that one of the most popular books of to-day is called "Mathematics for the Million," and, if



THE FIRST "DOROTHY SAYERS" DETECTIVE DRAMA: "BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE—(L. TO R.) CONSTABLE SELLON (ALASTAIR MACINTYRE), SUPERINTENDENT KIRK (DAVID HAWTHORNE), LORD PETER WIMSEY (DENNIS ARUNDELL), MISS TWITTERTON (CHRISTINE SILVER) BEING INTERROGATED, AND LADY PETER WIMSEY (VERONICA TURLEIGH.)

Admirers of Miss Dorothy L. Sayers' famous detective stories, with their aristocratic amateur "sleuth," Lord Peter Wimsey, will be interested in seeing her first play, "Busman's Honeymoon" (written in collaboration with M. St. Clare Byrne), recently produced at the Comedy Theatre. The entertaining manner of the novels, with their element of witty dialogue and humorous banter, has been cleverly transferred to the stage. The plot provides a baffling problem in a rural setting and leads up to a dramatic dénouement in the form of a crime-reconstruction. Lord Peter has taken a country house for his honeymoon, but he and his bride (a writer of thrillers) have not been there many hours before the landlord's corpse is discovered in the cellar. Thus Lord Peter is compelled to resume the activities from which he had hoped to escape, while his wife is enabled to compare fiction with reality.

fancy it will be his last appearance or a short one. Miss Dorothy Sayers created a gentleman of blue blood and needle-sharp brain called Lord Peter Wimsey, who combines the manner of Oxford University with the occupation of Scotland Yard. This pedigree hound of the law is now having his honeymoon at the Comedy Theatre: the play is called "Busman's Honeymoon" because Lord Peter has no sooner reached his humble abode of legitimate love, a country cottage, than he is told of a corpse in the cellar and, naturally, has to abandon the delights of husbandry for the labour of finding clues and discovering who "did in" his erstwhile landlord. Needless to say, that very old acquaintance, "the blow with a blunt instrument," was responsible; but who set the instrument moving? You can spend two-and-a-half pleasant hours finding out. Lord Peter and the rustics whom he has to question and whose conduct he has to consider are the best of company. They are all lively people and the mystery is well sustained.

This contemporary passion for thinking about crime is a matter of considerable interest. Some people sniff at it as a sign of decadence. To me it seems to be evidence of active minds. Anybody could watch "Chu Chin Chow" or "Charley's Aunt" in a coma of laziness induced by a



THE VICAR TRIES A SHOT-GUN ON A SOOT-CORRODED CHIMNEY AFTER THE FAILURE OF A FLUE-BRUSH: (L. TO R.) MR. PUFFITT (ROGER MAXWELL), THE REV. SIMON GOODACRE (MARTIN LEWIS), AND MRS. RUDDLE (NELLIE BOWMAN)—THE FIRST SCENE IN "BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON," AT THE COMEDY.

about a mysterious doctor who was the officer in command of a gang of crooks. Here, too, the trouble does not stop at mere thieving; murder is brought in and once more murder has been a thoroughly sound investment for the author. Of course, I do not say that every play about a murder is bound to succeed. But what a number there are, in addition to the notable successes, which have done pretty well for all concerned! Some of these, incidentally, like "Distinguished Gathering," have been immensely popular with amateurs. If you keep an eye on what the numerous and prosperous amateur dramatic societies are producing, the impression that criminals are the darlings of the public will be further confirmed.

Look, too, at the enormous popularity of "The Frog," at the Prince's, a drama which includes so many kinds



THE FAMOUS "DOROTHY SAYERS" DETECTIVE-HERO AS A STAGE CHARACTER: LORD PETER WIMSEY (DENNIS ARUNDELL) AND HIS NEWLY-WEDDED WIFE (VERONICA TURLEIGH, CENTRE) COMFORT THE VILLAGE SPINSTER, MISS TWITTERTON (CHRISTINE SILVER), WHEN SHE IMAGINES THE ROPE ROUND HER NECK—IN "BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

best-selling authors can actually "get away with" mathematics as a delectable theme, it is not surprising that dramatists so often "get away with" complicated murders. In both cases we are presented with a piece of task-work and told to find the solution. It seems to me odd that large numbers of people should pay money either to book-sellers or to box-offices in order to be set a lesson. But then, as I have already confessed, I am of a lazy temperament. When Hamlet tells the murderer to leave off pulling faces and begin, I am not on his side. I would rather he did not begin, but, in the guise of a clown, went on pulling faces. It is obvious, as I have pointed out with facts and figures, to what a very small minority I belong. "Getting away with murder" wins by a vast popular vote.



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

VINCENZ BRUN'S "Alcibiades, Forsaken by Gods and Men" is, like its predecessor, "Alcibiades—Beloved of Gods and Men," a distinguished piece of work. The Greek political intrigue and counter-intrigue is intricate, but the figure of Alcibiades stands clear. He is at the height of his career when he first appears in the fleet lying before Syracuse. He is mystically aware the Gods have abandoned him, and to Paphlagatus he reveals he is no longer confident of victory. But his despondency passes, and Mr. Brun carries him forward—glorious, lustful, and indomitable—from Sparta to Persia; and at the last, to the dark hour in the Asian forest when, stripped by Hermes of his armour and with the bloody desolation of war about him, he falls to the arrows of the barbarians. His love for Athens survives long after joy has left his heart. "I have loved the Athenians," he says, "because beauty dwells in their little hill. . . ." When he lies dead, a woman stoops over him, her eyes blinded with weeping, and the Gods, repenting, make atonement. Hermes, who destroyed him, raises him on the pedestal in the little temple among the trees—the enchanted Alcibiades, immortal in the history of men.

The other novels of the month are lighter—in artistic texture; most of them have a strong emotional content. "Level Crossing," by Phyllis Bottome, works up to a highly sensational development. Deirdre Conry was a Scottish laird's daughter. She and Jim Lane fell in love romantically in her Highland home. He was the only son of an American millionaire; and Deirdre on her marriage was transplanted to the Lane mansion in New York, where his jealously possessive mother reigned supreme. There she found she had to fight single-handed for her liberty, and Jim's American husbands are docile, and Cyrus B. Lane, Jim's father, was no exception to the rule; moreover, his children as well as his wife were beyond his control, though never beyond his devotion. Deirdre had the mettle of her breed. She defied Mrs. Lane, and escaped to camp in the house Jim was building for her. She knew nothing about the dangers lying in wait for a millionaire's daughter-in-law in civilised New York. She was plunged forthwith into a desperate adventure; so desperate, indeed, that a less gallant creature could never have survived it. To say what it was would be to rob "Level Crossing" of its big thrill. We congratulate Miss Bottome on her excursion into the gangster underworld, and as well on the finely contrasted values of her characters.

Klaus Mann—who is Thomas Mann's son—gives us another young girl's flight and conflict in "Journey into Freedom." Joan, driven from Germany by the Nazis, found her way to Finland. The strange people, the uncanny peace of the Finnish lakes and woods, oppressed her. She was torn between her longing for happiness and her loyalty to the Communist cause. She involved herself in an ecstatic love-affair with a temperamental young Finn; but neither she nor he was fated to be happy. The shadows lay too thickly about them, behind and before. Joan could not close her ears to the call of her fellow Communists, nor could she forget her brother Bruno, who had died for the ideals of freedom. She wrenched herself away from her lover, to return to the service that might well lead, as she knew, to death. It is a moving story, set against a background that Mr. Mann has invested with a curious air of unreality. Her Finland experiences are in effect the dream in which Joan loses her youth.

An action for slander is always good copy, whether it be fact or fiction. In Mary Borden's book we are not required to elucidate the problem of motive; that is left to the judge and jury. To us, but not to them, the processes of the plaintiff's mind are visible through the ordeal to which he was subjected because honour forbade him to expose the woman in the case. Major Daviot, playing high in a poker game at a country house, was accused of cheating. His friends knew he was innocent. They made a grave error of judgment when they persuaded him to swallow the insult; they had reasons of their own which he misinterpreted. The scandal leaked out, and the worst construction was put upon his silence. He was compelled to take action under conditions and at a time to the defendants' advantage. Almost to the last—but not quite; there is a glance by the judge into the body of the court that has great significance—we do not know whether justice will be done. "Action for Slander" is an absorbing novel, and one of the best Miss Borden has written.

Reginald Turnor's "Polite Scene" turns romance to the wall. It is a cleverly cynical performance in which you are directed to the psychological implications underlying an elderly woman's infatuation for a young man. Neither of these people was normal. They were the grown-ups who had never really grown up. Not all Eric Theales' diversions were as innocent as his painting; but Grace Bentley knew nothing of that until the truth was forced on her, and then it killed her. Her toys before Eric discovered her had been her nice Victorian house and her chatty tea-parties. It was very unfortunate (she failed to comprehend clearly why it happened) that when she adopted him these simple pleasures evaporated. All she had wanted and been so glad to receive was the loving sympathy of an understanding friend. Eric, for his part,

a year. He missed her when she died; that he had brought about her death was a consideration he brushed aside. Yes; dear Grace had fulfilled a need in him. But, he reflected, looking about him after she was gone, he had the compensations essential to a person of his temperament, the good things of this world—money, leisure, background—without which sensitive people cannot be expected to express themselves.

After that, the atmosphere of Sylvia Murray's "The Light that Lies" is refreshing. The homely souls of Linnoch met life with courage, and appreciated the merit of sacrifice. John Summers was a poor widow's son, whose love for his mother sent him out determined to succeed in London. He had business ability, and his employer—another Scot—gave him his opportunity. He carried the lovelinesses of Scotland in his heart, and he came through his personal tragedy with the resolution to help his fellow men. "The Light that Lies" is a tender and an exalted story of the world, not as it is, but as Miss Murray's worthy people saw it.

The next four books are by new authors. We give first place to Grania Brandon's "Upon this Rock," an excellent intimate narrative of the ups and downs of theatrical folk. The "rock" of the title is the mother of the Brownlow family, the father being a popular comedian of the old music-hall days. What the six children would have done without her staunchness, heaven knows; for debonair Charles Brownlow's good nature and morals were as brittle as glass. The young Brownlows had talent and individuality, but it was from their mother they inherited the pluck that started them on their varying roads to fortune. The story is told by Eilie, from next door in Camberwell, who grew up to be a ballet dancer and married a famous producer. Miss Brandon has the gift of creating lovable people, and this delightful book is full of them.

Diana Young, aged nineteen, has achieved a very good first novel, in which people of her own age will find themselves faithfully reflected, and the older generation learn something to their advantage about the adolescent's approach to life and love. Miss Young's sense of humour is as illuminating as her sincerity. We shall hear of her again; meanwhile, we commend "The Door Stood Open." We are not as confident that Tristram Beresford's "Break of Day" will please the general public. It is romantic and poetical, and rather precious.

Lady Tegart has written short stories, which accounts for the easy movement of "Long Vacation," a holiday book in more senses than one. There were no subtleties about the Aubrey family and their paying guest. Guy Holtby went to Tresilleth Rectory for the long vacation, believing he was going to have a rest cure. He was certainly cured, but the Rectory ménage was heroic treatment at first sight for a nervous breakdown, let alone the sale of work and the village play. He tried to contrive a recall to London. It failed because his letters were mislaid, and there was (which is odd) no telephone in Tresilleth. So he stayed on and forgot his symptoms, and was released from Lady Angela's exhausting attentions by falling in love with the most charming of the Aubreys. That is the gist of a thoroughly enjoyable, light-hearted novel.

Miles Burton is a detective-story author who is mounting steadily up the ladder. The manner of his writing is easy; his people are alive; and the situations he prepares for them have a sufficient credibility. The combination is not as common as it might be, and it makes "Where is Barbara Prentice?" decidedly a thriller to recommend to the intelligent public. It is not difficult to spot the criminal, though we think the actual device by which the crime was concealed will baffle most people. It is placed in a provincial town, which again is good; small-town gossip is just the necessary natural touch to confuse the clues. Mrs. Prentice, the doctor's wife, walked out of her front door one evening and vanished, which is the very reasonable and proper opening to Mr. Burton's drama.

"This Delicate Murder," by Henrietta Clandon, and "Death Goes Ashore," by Alec Glanville, are readable, and moderately exciting. Miss Clandon stages her murder at a shooting-party, but the odds against it coming off as it was planned are too heavy. Mr. Glanville's yachting mystery convinces you he knows (as he does) the Essex coast; where the reader may lose his bearings is in the fog of an extravagant plot.



A MEMORABLE GIFT TO THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART: "THE DYING VIRGIN SURROUNDED BY SAINTS," BY THE MASTER OF HEILIGENKREUZ (ABOUT 1400 A.D.), AN AUSTRIAN PAINTER CHIEFLY KNOWN FROM HIS WORK PRESERVED AT THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

This painting (in tempera on a panel 26½ by 21½ inches) has been presented to the Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., by friends of the late Mr. John L. Severance, as a memorial to his twenty-two years' service as Trustee of the Museum and ten years as its President. The painter—whose real name is unknown—is remembered chiefly by a series of pictures at the Convent of Heiligenkreuz, near Vienna, in the cemetery of which lie buried the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Countess Vetsera, who died together so tragically at Mayerling. The background is gold, the features are of great refinement, particularly those of the Virgin, who is reclining on a couch, while St. Peter, crowned with the triple tiara, reads from a book held by one of the other Apostles. A certain light relief is given to the intensely serious subject by the Apostle in the left foreground, who is placing a pair of spectacles on his nose. The picture owes a great deal to the Byzantine tradition, notably in the gestures of the hands and the structure of the heads—but it is the Byzantine spirit softened and humanised.

wanted some petting; what he wanted more was security, the sort of security accruing from Grace's three thousand

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Alcibiades, Forsaken by Gods and Men. By Vincenz Brun. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)  
 Level Crossing. By Phyllis Bottome. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)  
 Journey into Freedom. By Klaus Mann. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
 Action for Slander. By Mary Borden. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
 Polite Scene. By Reginald Turnor. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Light that Lies. By Sylvia Murray. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
 Upon this Rock. By Grania Brandon. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)  
 The Door Stood Open. By Diana Young. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)  
 Break of Day. By Tristram Beresford. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
 Long Vacation. By K. F. Tegart. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)  
 Where is Barbara Prentice? By Miles Burton. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
 This Delicate Murder. By Henrietta Clandon. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)  
 Death Goes Ashore. By Alec Glanville. (Harrop; 7s. 6d.)



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE STEPS OF THE VICEROY'S HOUSE AS THE SETTING FOR THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING-EMPEROR GEORGE VI. AT NEW DELHI: MR. R. M. MAXWELL, THE HOME SECRETARY, READING THE PROCLAMATION AT A PLACE WHICH WILL BE PROMINENT IN THE DURBAR CELEBRATIONS.

**SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON, Bt.**

Famous surgeon. Died December 20; aged eighty-one. Consulting surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital. Hunterian Orator at the Royal College of Surgeons in 1923 and served as President from 1923-26. President of the Royal Society of Medicine, 1921.

King George VI. was proclaimed at New Delhi with appropriate pageantry on December 14. The Proclamation was read from the steps of the House in the presence of the Viceroy, and the Royal Standard was unfurled on the central dome. It is anticipated that the King and Queen will visit India for the Durbar at Delhi in December of this year, and then make an extensive tour of the provincial centres.

**MONSIGNOR**

**CANON HOWLETT.**

Celebrated his golden jubilee as priest on December 21. Aged seventy-three. Administrator of Westminster Cathedral since 1905. Domestic Prelate to the Pope; Protonotary Apostolic ad Instar, 1931. Rector of Our Lady and St. Joseph, Kingsland, 1892-1905.

**MR. JOHN E. HIGHTON.**

Appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Scotland as from the end of February, 1937. Aged fifty-two. Promoted Chief Inspector of the Scottish Board of Health in 1927. Secretary to the Department of Health for Scotland since 1933.

**MAJOR J. W. WILLIAMS.**

Killed in action in the Lower Khaisora Valley, December 22; aged thirty-nine. From 1916 onwards served at Aden and in its hinterland. Mentioned in dispatches. In Waziristan operations, 1921. Gazetted to the 2nd Bn. The 2nd Punjab Regiment in 1928.

**COLONEL-GENERAL H. VON SEECKT.**

Organiser of the Reichswehr. Died on December 27; aged seventy. In the Great War he took part in the advance of von Kluck's Army, and later served under Mackensen, and as Chief of the General Staff of the Turkish Army. In 1920 appointed "Chief of Army Direction" and organised the Reichswehr. Restored moral and preserved the traditions of the Imperial Army.

**MAJOR-GEN. SIR CUTHBERT POOLE.**

Distinguished soldier. Died December 20; aged sixty-seven. Was the first Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in North Russia, 1918. Also saw service in the South African War, and Somaliland. In 1916 appointed Brigadier-General, R.A., IV. Corps.

**CANON LEWIS DONALDSON.**

Appointed Archdeacon of Westminster in succession to Archdeacon Storr. Treasurer of Westminster since 1931. Hon. Canon of Peterborough, 1918, and Canon Residentiary, 1921-24, when he came to Westminster. Select Preacher, Cambridge University, 1916.



THE FUTURE PRINCE-CONSORT OF HOLLAND SWORN IN AS AN OFFICER IN THE DUTCH ARMY: PRINCE BERNHARD VON LIPPE-BIESTERFELD ON HORSE-BACK (RIGHT).

Prince Bernhard von Lippe-Biesterfeld was sworn in as a captain of the Dutch and Dutch East Indies Armies, as well as a lieutenant-commander of the Dutch Navy, on December 23. The ceremony took place in the presence of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, and of the Prince's fiancée, the Crown Princess Juliana. Prince Bernhard wore the uniform of a captain of cavalry. Princess Juliana officially gave notice of her intended marriage to Prince Bernhard on December 20.



WATCHING HER FIANCÉ TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO HER ROYAL MOTHER: PRINCESS JULIANA (RIGHT) AT THE CEREMONY; WITH QUEEN WILHELMINA.

and so inaugurated a fortnight of rejoicing in Holland. A ceremony was held at the Town Hall of The Hague. The Duke of Kent will be a guest at the marriage (which takes place on January 7). He will attend in a private capacity as the Queen of the Netherlands has made it known that she regards the wedding as a family affair. As a consequence, no official invitations have been sent to foreign royalties.





"A DEAD BLACKCOCK"—A WATER-COLOUR BY J. M. W. TURNER (1775-1851);  
PAINTED ABOUT 1807. (10½×9½ in.)  
*Lent by Mr. R. W. Lloyd.*



Left:  
"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST WITH A SUNFLOWER"—  
BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641);  
A WORK ENGRAVED BY HOLLAR IN 1644.  
(23½×19 in.)  
*Lent by the Duke of Westminster.*



"A LANDSCAPE"—BY P. P. RUBENS (1577-1640); A WORK OF THE GREATEST INTEREST  
IN THE ARTIST'S LATER MANNER—SHOWING AFFINITIES WITH THE LANDSCAPES OF  
GAINSBOROUGH. (19×25 in.) *(Lent by Mrs. Otto Gutschmid.)*

## MASTERS FROM PRIVATE

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE



"ST. GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON"  
—BY COSIMO TURA (1420?-1495);  
PAINTED ON WOOD. (8½×4½ in.)  
*Lent by the Earl of Rothesay.*



"ST. GEORGE"—BY ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431-  
1506); PAINTED ON WOOD. (9×5½ in.)  
*Lent by the Earl of Rothesay.*

WE reproduce here some of the more notable pictures in the winter exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is a remarkable tribute to this country's wealth in art treasures that such an outstanding collection of paintings by great masters can be got together entirely from the collections of private persons. We feel sure that Turner's water-colour of the blackcock will come as a surprise to many of our readers. This simple, objective statement of concrete facts seems far removed from the impressionistic Turner of atmospheric effects and vaporous distances. It was painted when the artist was in his thirties, and given by him to Miss Fawkes. Italian art is represented in this exhibition by Raphael, Cosimo Tura, Mantegna, da Vinci, Pisanello, G. B. Tiepolo.

(Continued below.)

## COLLECTIONS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB. (OWNERS' COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"HEAD OF A WOMAN"—A DRAWING BY RAPHAEL (1483-1520); ON CARTON PAPER.  
(12×8½ in.)  
*Lent by Captain Norman Colville, M.C.*



"THE HORNECK SISTERS"—A SKETCH IN OILS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792);  
MADE ABOUT THE YEARS 1764-6. (23½×19½ in.)  
*Lent by Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Jones, D.S.O.*

Exhibition at Ipswich in 1927. After looking at it, it is very easy to see one of the sources whence Gainsborough derived his ideas of landscape painting, as well as some characteristics of his technique. The composition is typical of the later work of Rubens. Those who have seen Charles Laughton in his famous film, "Rembrandt," may find it amusing to study the countenances of Hendrickje Stoffels, of Rembrandt's father, of Titus, and of Rembrandt himself at the height of his success. The portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels is reproduced on our Page for Collectors.



"THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS"—BY GERARD DAVID (D. 1523); A PICTURE NOT  
PREVIOUSLY EXHIBITED. (27½×24½ in.)  
*Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer Churchill.*



"PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER"—BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669); SIGNED AND DATED  
1637 (?). (25×30 in.)  
*Lent by Captain A. Brywood-Lonsdale.*





THERE are normally two exhibitions a year at the Burlington Fine Arts Club at 17, Savile Row, W.1—exhibitions which are, strictly speaking, for the enjoyment of the club's members alone. On these occasions, however, the committee traverses its own rules in the most obliging manner possible and legalises a sort of morganatic union between itself and the great world that visits its tailor in the near neighbourhood. Admission is by invitation, and if one does not happen to be acquainted with a member one can always write to the Secretary.

In this winter's display there seem to me to be more authentic masterpieces than one has any right to demand in a private exhibition, and the Rembrandts merely bring additional distinction. But how odd it is to mark the strange tastes of a few individuals who persist in degrading rare and beautiful works of art by frames apparently designed by a superannuated pastry-cook of the Great Exhibition of 1851!—frames which have no relation to the picture and surely not to any rational decorative scheme. Naturally, such things, taken away from their normal surroundings, appear doubly incongruous in the neutral atmosphere of an exhibition room.

One wall, among such comparatively minor oddments as a Cuyp, a Jan Steen, and a Van Dyck, is hung with four Rembrandts, one of which—the lovely portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels—has not been seen in public since 1914 (No. 30). The learned have in the past conducted a somewhat acidulated campaign to prove that the date is either 1650 or 1660: connoisseurs will no doubt leave the learned to their absurd controversies and agree among themselves that here is a magnificent portrait in the greatest of Dutch painters' mature style. Besides this extraordinarily sensitive and profound picture, the much earlier self-portrait of about 1637 (No. 32) looks almost brutal. Rembrandt in this year was thirty-one and for a brief period had the world at his feet: his wife, Saskia, was still alive, he had conquered Amsterdam, and no shadow of what was to happen falls across these strong, confident, ungainly features. Earlier still is the portrait of his father, the miller of Leyden—1631—exhibited in 1911 at the Grafton Galleries. Sir Herbert Cook's "Portrait of a Boy," as it is conservatively catalogued, but which everybody believes is a portrait of the artist's son, Titus, dates from about 1650 and was seen

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### OLD MASTERS IN SAVILE ROW.

By FRANK DAVIS.

at the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House in 1929.

The remainder of the sixty-seven items of the catalogue range from early Greek sculpture to J. M. W. Turner, taking in Raphael, Mantegna, Gerard David, Rubens, and Van Dyck *en route*. A singularly attractive experiment by Oudry—a still-life in cool greys and whites—occupies the place of honour in the writing-room on the ground floor, and is flanked by some notable Turner drawings, one of which (No. 57) is of a kind to baffle all but the most devoted student: certainly not ninety-nine out of a hundred people, seeing this for the first time, would think of putting Turner's name to it. It was painted about 1807 and was given by the artist to Miss Fawkes. There is one superlatively fine Reynolds upstairs, which will be seen next February at Sir Philip Sassoon's house at the Reynolds

Exhibition, the portrait of Mrs. Scott, painted in 1786; and on either side of it two other portraits, one of 1760, the other of 1757, which are perfect examples of this early period in the painter's career. One other Reynolds—an unfinished sketch for the well-known double portrait of the Horneck sisters—is in many ways as attractive as anything else in the show. There is always something particularly intimate in these unfinished oil sketches: the final version has not yet come to maturity in the painter's eye, but one is actually present at its making before his vision has had time to grow tired (No. 62).

Of two Van Dycks, one is the well-known portrait of that remarkable seventeenth-century character, Sir Kenelm Digby; the other (No. 24) makes a welcome reappearance in public (it was last exhibited in 1900). There are several other versions of the same subject, and this is by general consent the original. It is a strange, mannered,

and delightful convention for a painter to do his self-portrait pointing to (surely not holding, as the catalogue says) a sunflower, and there is presumably some allegorical meaning to be found in it. Wenceslas Hollar published an engraving of this picture in 1644.

Amid some excellent eighteenth-century French canvases Boucher provides an amusing portrait of Philippe Egalité as a child of two playing with a toy cat—indeed, more than an amusing portrait, a fine one. For once in a way Boucher is allowed to get away from his sprawling nymphs and to paint a human being. It is a well-organised picture and very nearly a great one—unfortunately, one comes to it direct from an early Velasquez over the fireplace, "An Old Woman Frying Eggs," and the contrast is a little severe on poor Boucher!

Raphael, we are told, has of recent years been put in his place—modern criticism won't have it that he is the greatest painter of Europe. It's a good case—indeed, an overwhelming case—but one has to think hard about it when confronted with such a drawing as No. 13. There is really little to do but gasp before such firm perfection. Of the Flemish pieces a Gerard David (No. 11) is by far the most important, and is quite unknown to the general public, though it was illustrated in the Arundel Portfolio in 1913 and in the Northwick Catalogue in 1921.

Two other pictures remain to be mentioned. One is a Holbein miniature (No. 17), a portrait of Sir Nicholas Poyntz, lent by the late R. S. Holford to the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1865. Students of Holbein's work will call to mind several versions of Poyntz on a larger scale and painted in oils, none of which is accepted as by Holbein himself. Finally, there is that rare thing, a small, rapidly-painted landscape by Rubens (No. 23), dating from late in his career. Impossible, after seeing this, to enquire further where Gainsborough learnt his business.



"SIR NICHOLAS POYNTZ": A CHARMING MINIATURE BY HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER (1497-1543) WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR ROBERT ABDY, BT. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Owners' Copyrights Reserved.



"HENDRICKJE STOFFELS": A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT OF HIS SERVANT, ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB. (39½ x 33½ IN.)

This picture, which is, perhaps, the most precious of the wonderful art treasures lent by private owners to the Exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is signed by Rembrandt with a date which is probably 1660. It has also been read as 1650. It is in the possession of Mr. Simon Morrison. A number of the finest pictures in this Exhibition are reproduced on pages 30 and 31.



# This England . . .



*Durlston Head, Dorset*

“GIVE me the Channel for twelve hours and England has had her day,” said Napoleon. The watch and ward we keep upon our narrow seas has given us eight hundred years of inward peace — calm minds in homestead and warehouse, slow built customs in our way of life. To these we are faithful as is our wont, whether it be a Lord Mayor’s Show or a well-brewed glass of beer. And if, as a name, Worthington was yet young when “Boney” lay on the heights of Boulogne, as a beer it was already esteemed for being in the grand tradition of English brewing.





# FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

## NEW YEAR PROSPECTS.

A WEEK ago it was my pleasant and easy task to congratulate investors on the results of a year that must have been satisfactory to most of them, and also on the steadiness and sound sense with which they had, by refusing to be frightened into selling, maintained the serenity of the stock markets in the face of many shocks of different kinds. To-day I have to face the much more difficult job of trying to peer into the future and seeing what sort of a year we may expect in 1937. Shall we be able to look back on it with equal satisfaction?

Let us take the ugly features in the landscape first. The worst of them all, as need hardly be said, is that infernal cloud, "black as the pit from pole to pole," that spreads across the sky of international politics—as to which the most optimistic watcher of the skies can hardly see any lightening of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, it is something to record that the skill, or good luck, with which the Spanish tragedy has so far been prevented from producing a general European dog-fight augurs well for its possible termination without being allowed to spread. It is also something to the good that both Germany and Italy have been lately behaving with studious politeness towards us. There can be no doubt that our great influence, as the chief market for goods and for capital, will be used with effect on the side of peace and international goodwill; but whether it will be strong enough to prevent war no one can say.

## RISING COSTS.

Apart from fears of war, the only danger with which we are threatened, in the view even of the most determined prophets of reaction, is that of what they call a "vicious spiral" of rising costs, in which higher prices of materials will force up the cost of living, necessitating higher wages, which, again, will mean more demand for goods and a further rise in materials and the cost of living, and so on and so on, until there is no profit left for industry and commerce, and our prosperity ends in a nightmare of inflation, followed by an ugly depression. For this dismal picture there is a certain amount of justification, in the rise in commodity prices that has already shown itself during 1936; and in the undoubted fact that many of our industries have for some time been so busy that they have had to refuse to make any more contracts, and that they have found a good deal of difficulty in securing labour, especially skilled labour. The wage-earners are thus in a strong position for insisting on wage increases if the cost of living should rise; and they can in many cases argue that they have been suffering severely during many years of depression and so have every right to a generous share of the increased prosperity that is now widespread. Since materials are to some extent dependent on the weather, it is impossible to speak with any certainty concerning the probabilities of the markets, for example, for wheat, maize, beef, mutton, and wool. On the other hand, we know that the rise in commodity prices has now been going on long enough to stimulate the activities of producers; and that, barring the vagaries of the climates on which these articles depend, a rapid increase in their future supply should go far to correct any scarcity that may now seem to be threatened. And even if commodity prices rise considerably, there is still plenty of margin between them and the prices at which finished goods are sold to consumers. There may be a narrowing of the rate of profit earned by industrial and commercial companies, compensated, we may hope, by a larger turnover; but any really violent development of that "vicious spiral" does not seem to be probable at present.

## THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

From every other aspect, the prospects for 1937 are highly favourable. There was, during that awkward week of suspense in the middle of December, a certain amount of doubt as to whether there would be a Coronation at all during the course of 1937. If those had been right who anticipated that a regency was the probable way out of the difficulties that then puzzled us, there would, presumably, have been no such ceremony. As it is, there has been no alteration in the date already fixed, and the Coronation will be all the more popular, at home and abroad, and more brilliant in its setting, owing to its being graced by a Queen. Expectations of a great increase in business activity in this connection are thus more than ever solidly based. This, of course, is a merely temporary stimulus to the innumerable trades that will be affected

active in meeting the requirements of the home market that it may lose, and perhaps lose permanently, openings that are offered for developing outlets abroad for its output. If this happened we should evidently be in a weak position when the rearmament programme is finished, though its completion is a long way off. It is certainly true, as already mentioned, that, owing to the clamorous demands of domestic customers, many orders that might have been executed here have had to be passed on to foreign industrialists; and this is one of the reasons that account for the comparative sluggishness of our export trade during 1936. On the other hand, there have been several indications that our business organisers are

fully alive to this danger, and are doing their best, in the midst of their preoccupations on work at home, to make use of the opportunities presented to them by currency devaluations abroad, followed by reductions of trade restrictions and also of the wider market provided by the rise in commodity prices and the greater purchasing power so gained by the primary producers. Even the coal trade, already stimulated by home demands, has a more hopeful appearance for the coming year. It was lately pointed out by the *Economist* that the doubling of France's import quota for British coal was "an event of great importance," being at once one of the fruits of devaluation, a sign of economic recovery, and a proof that the adjustment of false exchange parities may be the surest means to freer trade. Coupled with the resumption of British coal exports to Italy, the doubling of the French quota should bring appreciable relief to our hardest pressed export industry, especially in South Wales, which supplies 60 per cent. of the French demand.

## THE TRADE BALANCE.

Nevertheless, British industry can hardly be expected to meet abnormal demands at home and at the same time to show as much eagerness as it would, in the absence of such demands, have displayed in cultivating foreign markets. All the more reason why the Government, in its programmes of defence, slum clearance, roads, etc., should go as slowly as is compatible with due attention to national needs, so that the claims of foreign trade may not be neglected more than is absolutely necessary. That question of our adverse balance, owing to heavy imports of dearer commodities, has lately been much in the public eye and ear. If it is true that the total balance, on visible and invisible trade, is against us, we are for the time being living on our capital: in other words, giving our debtors a chance of redeeming part of their indebtedness. Within limits this process is beneficial, and the extent to which it is being carried out may be found to have been exaggerated by the fears of those who are fond of

alarming us. In the December number of the *Economic Journal*, Sir Robert Kindersley gives one of his valuable studies of the income now being received on British investments abroad, and concludes it with some timely observations on this subject. After showing a considerable recovery in this item during 1934 and 1935, when the progress of revival was still slow, he expresses the belief that, given the absence of major political disturbances, oversea investment income will, during the next few years, rise more rapidly towards the level attained in 1929; and that our net shipping receipts should benefit considerably from expansion of world trade and higher freights accompanying rising commodity prices. It thus seems safe to expect that 1937 will, always barring political upsets, better the fine record of 1936. So may it be!



A FAMOUS HOME OF RACING BECOMES A CENTRE FOR THE NEWER SPORT OF AVIATION: GOODWOOD HOUSE WITH THE HORDERN-RICHMOND AUTOPLANE FLYING OVER IT—A VIEW FROM THE AIR.



AN IDEAL TYPE OF PRIVATE AIRCRAFT DESIGNED BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON AND MR. E. HORDERN: THE HORDERN-RICHMOND AUTOPLANE OUTSIDE THE THATCHED HANGAR ON THE DUKE'S PRIVATE AERODROME AT GOODWOOD.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has collaborated with Mr. E. Hordern, the well-known test pilot, in designing and building an aeroplane which they consider the ideal type for the private aircraft-owner. The Hordern-Richmond Autoplane, as it is called, is a twin-engined machine, each engine giving 40 h.p. It can be used either as a two-seater with 170 lb. of luggage, or as a three-seater with only light luggage. We need hardly recall that Goodwood, the Duke's home in Sussex, is famous as the scene of the great annual race-meeting at the end of the season.

by it; and there may still be a few survivors of that austere school which would characterise such expenditure as uneconomic, and not much less wasteful than a display of fireworks. Such arguments may have been appropriate in times when all man's energies were needed for production; but in these times, when the problem is rather that of getting purchasing power into the hands of those who most need it, such celebrations have highly beneficial effects, for those communities that can afford them, as we obviously can.

## SUSTAINED ACTIVITY.

With this temporary stimulus added to the demands of the rearmament programme, the only danger to be discerned is that British industry may be so



## CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1936—MARCH  
1937

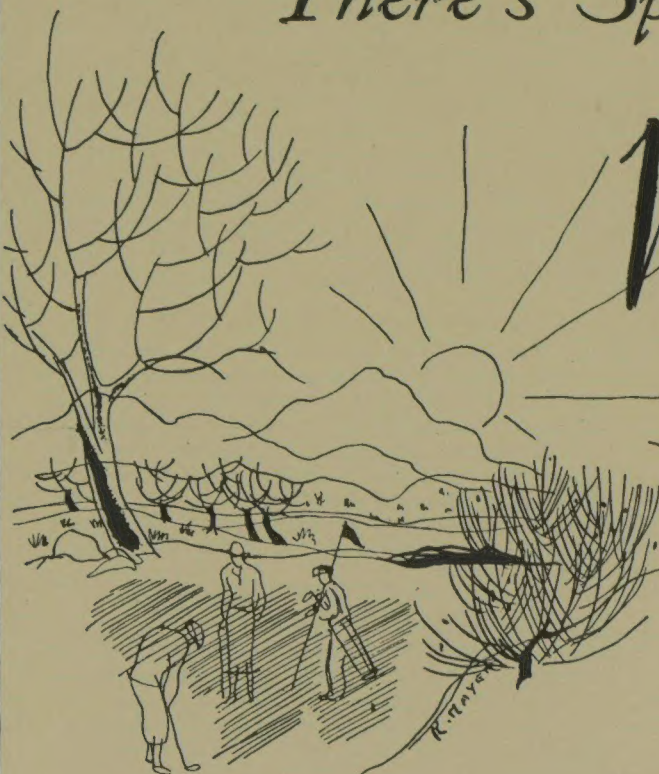
**SOCIAL EVENTS :** International Sporting Club—New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

**SPORT :** Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11-17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22-28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30 to February 3*.

**MUSIC :** Concerts—CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17 and 19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24 and 26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.

## There's Sport at

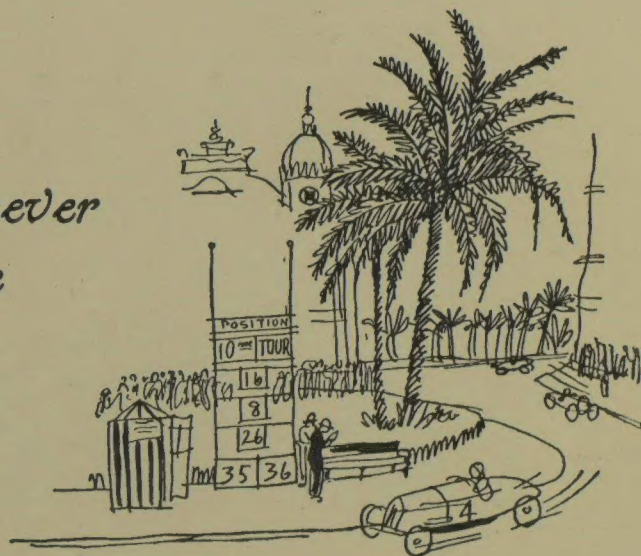
Monte Carlo



**N**OT often that you can play your morning round of golf at 3,000 feet! But you can, up on Mont Agel, with the shimmer of snow-capped Alps behind you and the sparkle of blue Mediterranean far below. The sun above, a good course before you, in air that has more kick to it than a champagne cocktail—what better beginning to a day has life to offer?

**A**ND after lunch, so energetic do you feel, five sets of tennis even cannot tire you. It's good tennis, too, on one of eighteen courts which have been constructed to championship standards. If you don't want to play yourself you can watch the others—world champions play there, often.

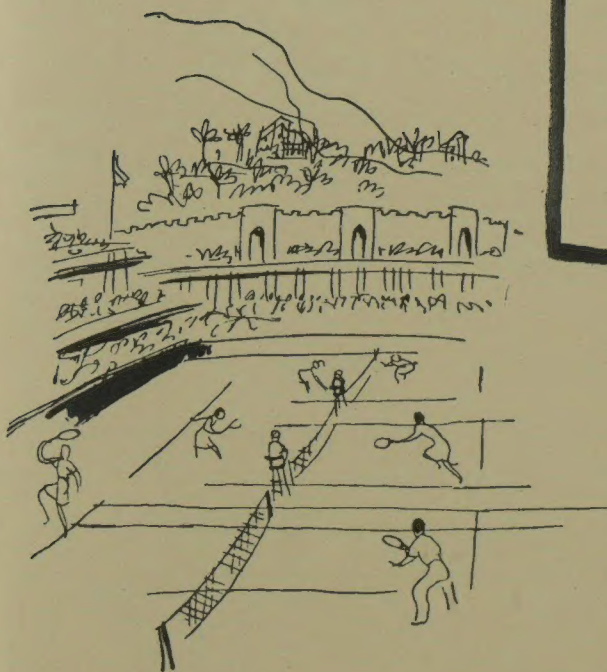
Somehow you're never  
off your game  
at  
Monte Carlo



This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.





## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "CINDERELLA," AT THE COLISEUM.

MR. PRINCE LITTLER'S pantomime is the best seen in the West End for some years. It is lovely to look at and amusing to listen to—a rare combination of qualities. Miss Edna Best's Cinders is a charming performance, and as the rôle has never been regarded as a great singing one, her lack of voice is no great defect. Miss Madge Elliott is a graceful Prince Charming, and if she lacks a little of that buoyancy a pre-war generation expected of a principal boy, then that must be attributed to the fact that she has not had the old time music-hall training. Messrs. Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson are an ideal pair of Ugly Sisters. Mr. Lupino Lane is an excellent Buttons. Mr. Ben Dova is the most convivially inebriated acrobatic dancer yet seen. Plenty of popular songs, and a score or so of tiny tots to pipe them shrilly, make this a holiday show that will appeal to young and old.

### "MOTHER GOOSE," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Mr. George Lacy, long famous as a "Dame," scores heavily in the title-rôle. He tries no shock tactics, in the hope of conquering his audience at his first appearance, but works easily and smoothly, increasing his hold on them as the show goes on. Miss Florence Desmond was handicapped by a severe cold, but her imitations of famous film stars, for those who are not growing tired of them, are as clever as ever. Miss Mamie Soutter is a vivacious soubrette, and Mr. George Queen a Golden Goose calculated to make most small children clamour for one as a pet.

### "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE LYCEUM.

One missed the old stalwarts, Mr. George Jackley and Messrs. Naughton and Gold. Not that their successors are so greatly inferior, but children are conservative, and it was not until "Monsewer" Eddie Gray appeared in the second part that the children warmed up; their laughter being, naturally, half the joy of a pantomime. Miss Marjorie Sandford makes a shapely Jack and sings well enough, but her acting leaves much to be desired. More comedy and popular songs must be inserted to bring the Melville Brothers' latest up to their own high standard.

### "BALALAIKA," AT THE ADELPHI.

Décor and production should win "Balalaika" success. The book and lyrics by Mr. Eric Maschwitz are extremely conventional, and the music by Messrs. Posford and Grün, while melodious enough, leaves nothing in the memory. The most attractive scenes are the "back stage" ones, with the ballet girls rehearsing their steps, or dashing, by way of a revolving stage, from dressing-room to footlights. The snowy simplicity of their frocks contrasts most effectively with the glamorous colouring of other scenes. Mr. Roger Treville and Miss Muriel Angelus make a delightful pair of lovers. Miss Betty Warren and Mr. Clifford Mollison work hard in comedy rôles, but their material is too poor to win much laughter.

### "PETER PAN," AT THE PALLADIUM.

"Peter Pan" has now reached that classic stage when it defies criticism. One remembers one's first cast, but after that every production but awakens memories. Mr. Charles Laughton's Captain Hook will leave the late Gerald du Maurier's high on its pedestal, nor can it be said that Miss Elsa Lanchester's Peter will drive Miss Nina Boucicault's from the mind of any who were privileged to see it. Yet Mr. Laughton and Miss Lanchester were good.

The 95th Edition of "Burke's Peerage" for 1937, which is now on sale, marks the 111th year of its publication as a genealogical and heraldic history of the Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage. As usual, the volume provides a quantity of interesting material on the lineage of the noble families of Great Britain and Ireland, and the coats of arms of each are illustrated. Of particular use is the "Guide to Relative Precedence," which would be invaluable to anyone connected with arrangements for an official function. As a reference book it should find a place on the bookshelf for the mere fact that, as it records, during the past year there have been four promotions and nine creations in the peerage, while twenty-nine peers have died, and four titles have become extinct. In the same period, nine baronetcies have been conferred, and forty-one baronets have died; six of these baronetcies have become extinct. The Ordinary Edition costs £5 5s., and the Special Edition, bound in morocco, is priced at £9 9s.

### THE WINTER SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE winter season of opera at Covent Garden was to have opened on Boxing Night with a performance of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, but owing to the sudden indisposition of the tenor, Dino Borgioli, this opera had to be postponed, and Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," which was to have been the second production, was given in its place. Under the circumstances, excuses might have been made for the performance, but it needed none. The conductor, Francesco Salfi, who was making his first appearance at Covent Garden, made a very favourable impression, and I should not be surprised if he turns out to be one of the best Italian conductors we have heard at Covent Garden for many years. The cast, which was entirely British, although the opera was sung in Italian, was the best British cast I have heard in this opera. Mr. John Brownlee was a superb Figaro, and his Italian recitative singing even bore comparison with that of the best Italian baritones. If the whole cast were on his level, it could not be surpassed anywhere. Mr. Heddle Nash was a delightful Conte Almaviva, and only lacks a certain robustness of voice to be wholly satisfactory. Miss Noel Eadie's excellent technique was a feature of her singing, and among the secondary parts, Mr. Booth Hitchin's Dr. Bartolo was a praiseworthy performance. The London Philharmonic Orchestra played brilliantly under Signor Salfi.—W. J. TURNER.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide" for 1937 is now on sale, priced at 7s. 6d. This book has been issued for over 100 years, and gives the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class houses in the Western districts of London. The area covered may be taken as that bounded by Hampstead, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames, Bloomsbury, and West Kensington. The book contains a classified Trades Section, useful to the West End shopper; a full Parliamentary Directory, and information as to Government Offices and the principal clubs. Popular features include a list of golf clubs within reach of London; a Theatre Supplement containing seating plans; and an excellent Street Plan with a scale of 4 inches to the mile.

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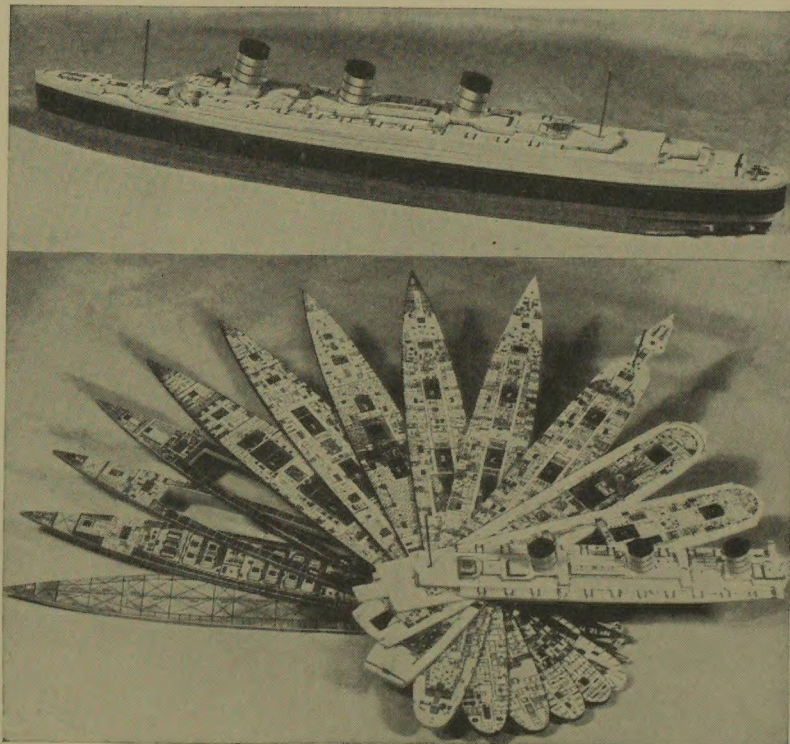
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